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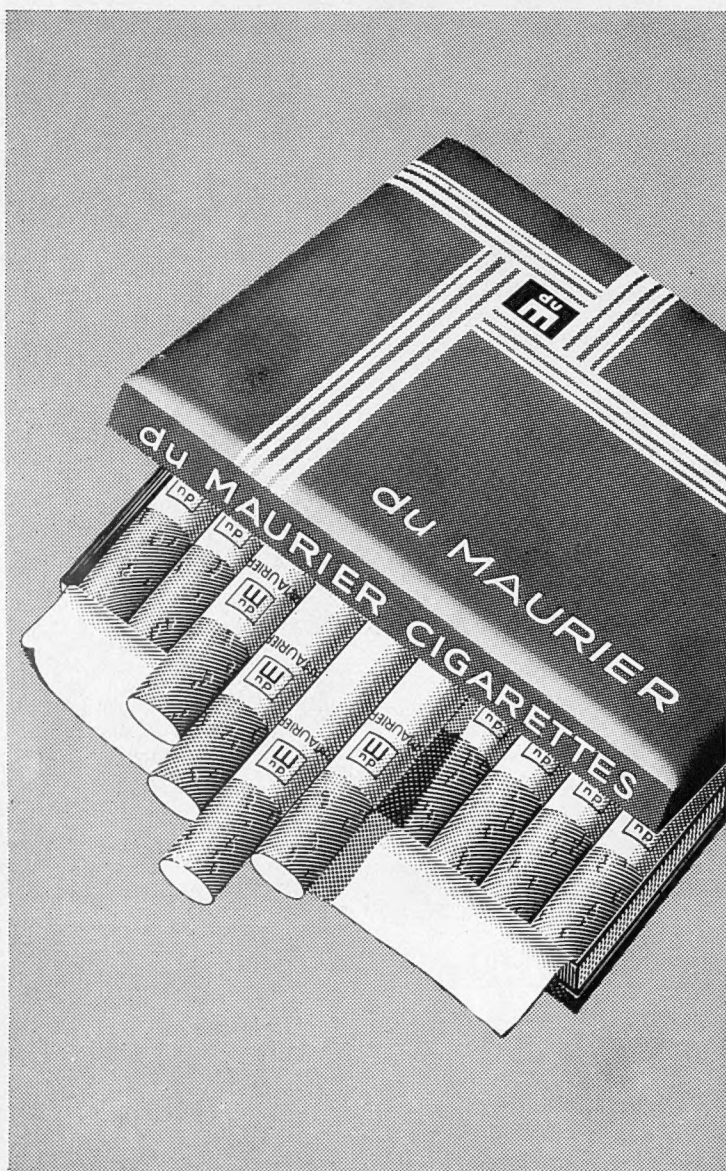
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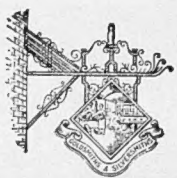
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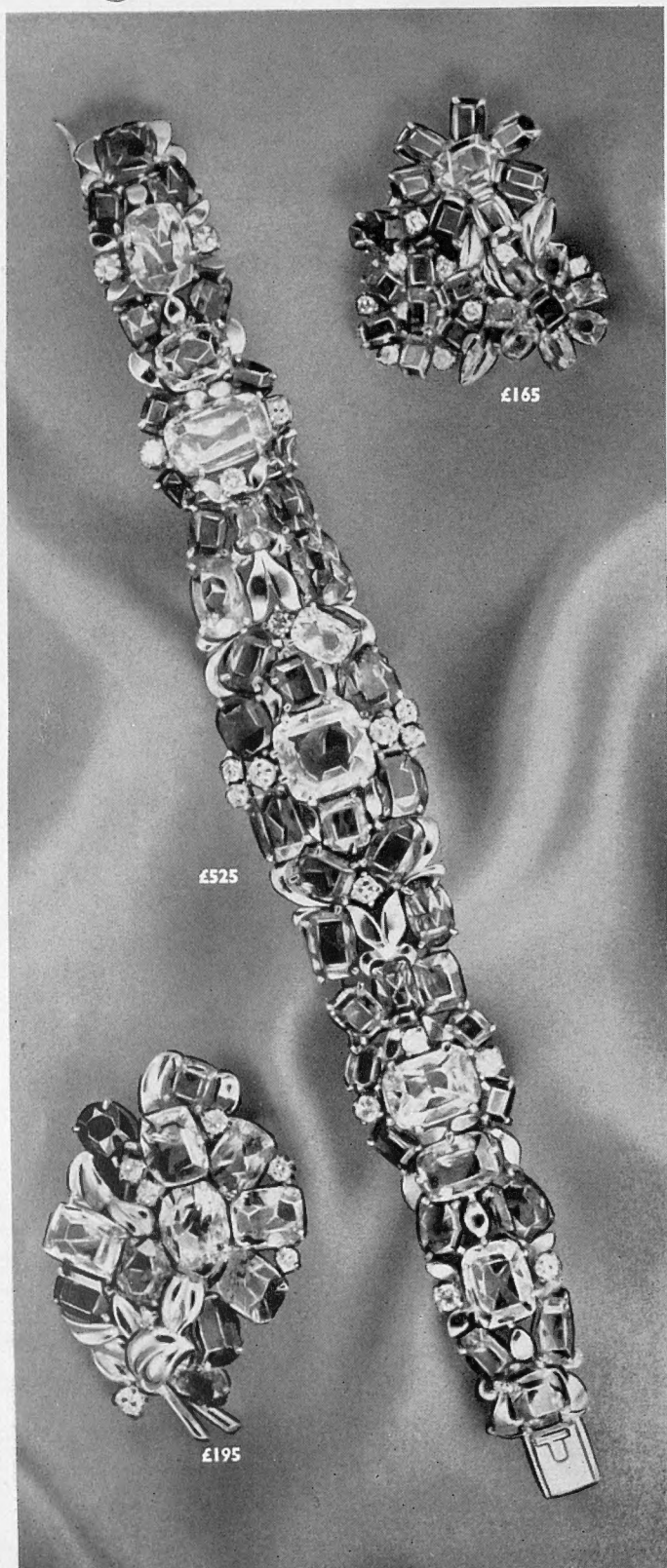
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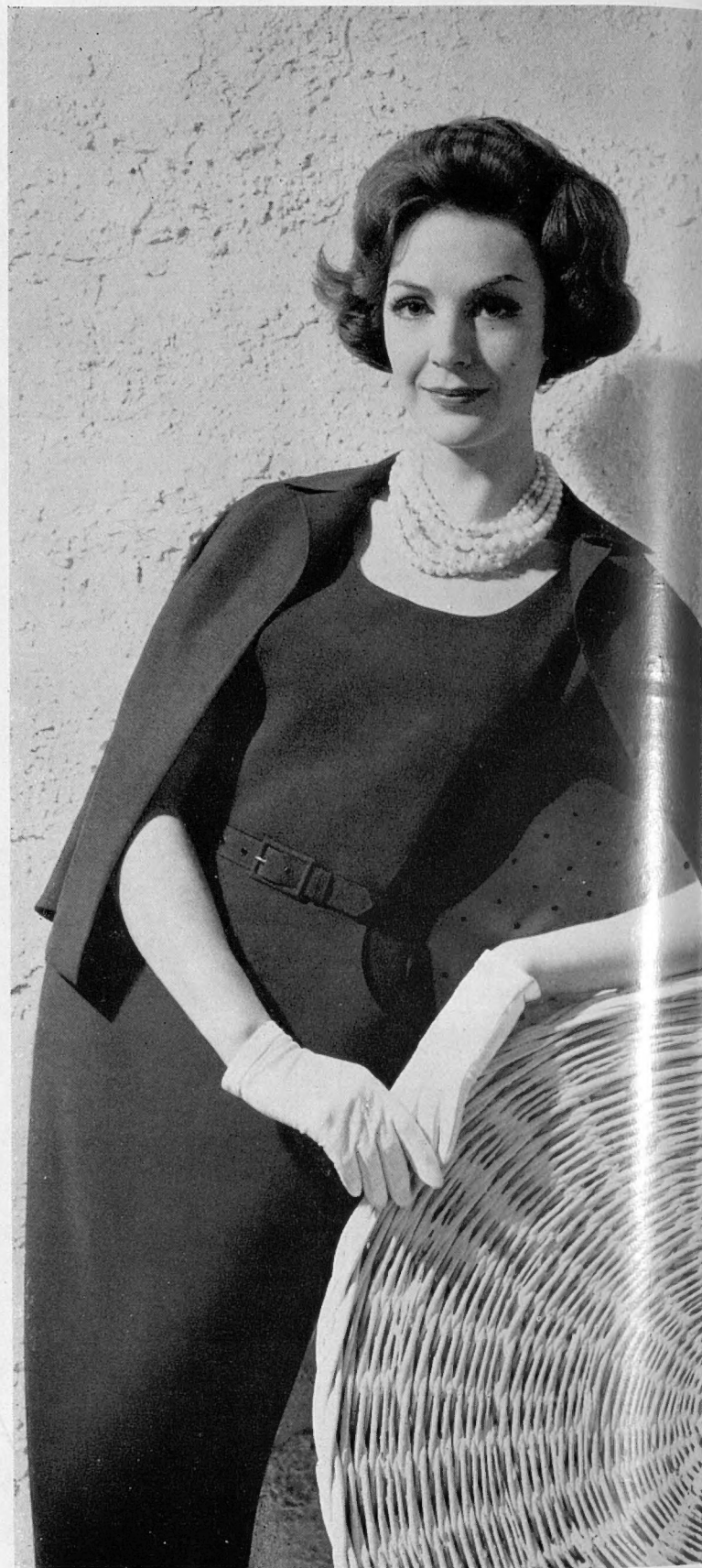
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THE Tatler

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Volume CCXXXIX Number 3106

8 MARCH 1961

	Page
GOING PLACES:	444
<i>Going places late</i> Douglas Sutherland	447
<i>Going places to eat</i> John Baker White	447
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	448
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES:	
<i>The Opera Ball</i>	456
<i>Easels & evils</i>	458
FEATURES:	
<i>Premium people</i>	
photographed by Roger Hill	451
<i>The will game</i> by Ilse Gray	
photographed by Priscilla Conran	460
<i>The flou race</i> by Mark Bence-Jones	462
<i>Souvenir of the Royal Tour</i>	463
LORD ELBRACKEN	470
FASHION	
<i>New Turnings up West</i>	
<i>Summer clothes & Paris hats</i>	471
COUNTRY SPY	
<i>Scandinavian inventory</i>	478
GOOD BOOKS	
<i>Spring scoop</i>	479
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	480
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	481
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	482
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	482
<i>on galleries</i> by Robert Wraight	485
MOTORING	
<i>The last tycoon</i>	486
MAN'S WORLD	
<i>Friends from France</i>	487
DINING IN	
<i>Pretty kettle of fish</i>	488
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	490

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IF YOU HOARD BACK-COPIES

READERS who like to keep complete sets of issues of The Tatler may sometimes wish that they could remember exactly when an article or a picture that they want to look up was published. It usually means going through a whole batch. For those readers who would like a system of reference less elaborate than a bound volume, the quarterly printed index will be made available separately. The first one this year, covering all issues of January, February and March, will be ready next month and should be ordered now. The index not only lists articles, authors, and reviewed plays, books, and records, but it also gives the names of every person photographed at social events—all subdivided for easy reference. The index is provided as a service at less than cost, and the price will be 10s.

About this week: Fortunately for journalism the most unlikely things do happen. Who would ever have thought that Lloyd's of London would take a hand in casting a Hollywood film? They tried to, though, and this provides a good moment for a new look inside that sanctum in Leadenhall Street. Roger Hill took the photographs (page 451). . . . Who would have thought that, after many refusals, the Irish would finally get back the Lane collection of pictures? They did, though, and the ceremonial welcome home in Dublin is photographed on page 458. . . . And who would have thought that a Chancellor of the Exchequer would turn to painting to fill in time out of office? Perhaps that's not such a surprise since Churchill made the canvas the politician's playground, but Mr. Peter Thorneycroft's exhibition (page 459) does make one wonder how ever many more frustrated artists are going to emerge from the Gothic corridors of Westminster. . . .

The cover:



In magnificent emeralds the Queen meets a guest at the Presidential Palace in Pakistan, where a banquet was given in her honour. Photographed by GEORGE HALES (Fox). Seven souvenir pages with the best pictures of the royal tour of India and Pakistan are published in this issue, starting on page 463

Next week: An 88-page Spring Fashion number. . . .



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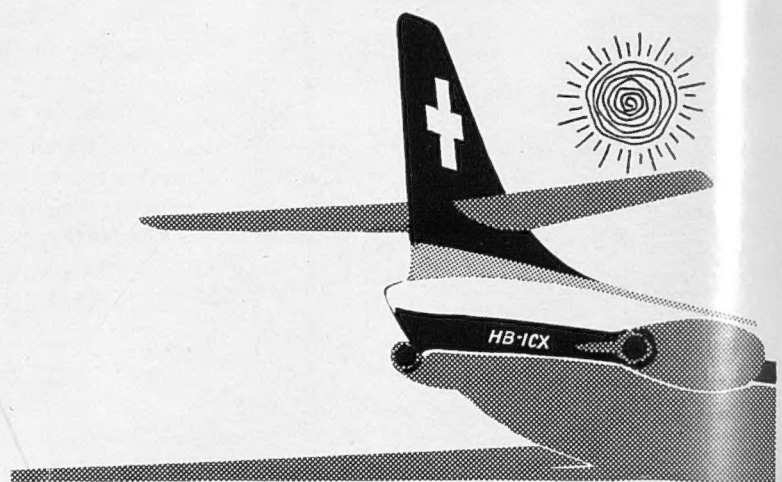
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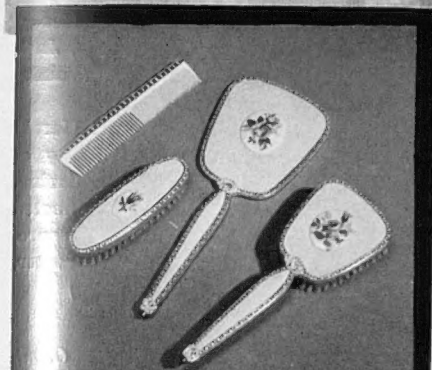
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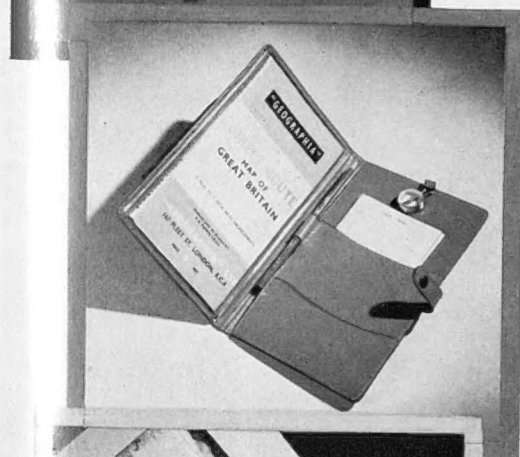
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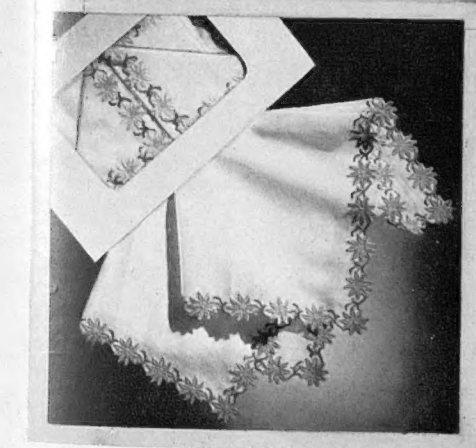
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Stevenstone point-to-point, today, at Cranford.

Royal Artillery Hunt Ball, 10 March, at the R.A. Mess, School of Artillery, Larkhill.

Point-to-points on 11 March: Cotswold Vale Farmers at Bushley Park; Derwent at Wykeham; East Cornwall at Lemalla; Flint & Denbigh at Criccin; Hambledon at Pitt Manor; Household Brigade Saddle Club & Cavalry Club at Crowell; Lauderdale at Mosses; Oakley at Newton Bromswold; R.A. (Salisbury Plain) at Larkhill; R.E. Draghounds at Bredhurst; South Staffordshire at Fradley; Suffolk at Moulton.

Dress Show by Michael, 14 March, at Quaglino's, in aid of the West London Children's Care Committee Voluntary Fund. Tickets: 2 gns. (reserved 3 gns.) from Mrs. Greif, Flat 5, 62 Holland Park, W.11.

Lamerton point-to-point, 15 March, at Kilworthy.

Tetcott point-to-point, 16 March, at Bradworthy.

Quorn Hunt Ball, 17 March, at Quenby Hall (by permission of Sir Harold & Lady Nutting).

Evening of Poetry & Music (Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Laurie Lee & Julian Bream), 21 March, at the Ironmongers' Hall, in aid of refugees. Tickets, 3 gns., 2 gns. & 1 gn. from the International Service Department, UNA, 25 Charles Street, W.1.

Springtime Ball, 23 March, at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the Charterhouse Rheumatism Clinic. Tickets: £2 12s. 6d. from Mrs. Ronald Ferguson, at the Clinic, 54 Weymouth Street, W.1.

SPORT

Race meetings: Cheltenham, today & tomorrow; Hurst Park, Manchester, 10, 11; Hereford, New-

castle, 11; Plumpton, 13; Doncaster, Worcester, 13, 14; Downpatrick, 15; Lingfield Park, 15, 16 March.

Rugby: Wales v. Ireland, Cardiff, 11 March; England v. Scotland (Calcutta Cup), Twickenham, 18 March.

Golf: Amateur-professional Foursomes, Wentworth, Surrey, 14-17 March.

Squash rackets: Wales v. Ireland, Cardiff, 10 March; England v. Scotland, R.A.C., 17 March.

Fencing: Scottish Sabre Championship, Glasgow, 11 March.

Badminton: All-England Championship, Wembley, 15-18 March.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Fidelio*, 7.30 p.m. 11, 15, 18 March (all performances sold out); *Madama Butterfly*, 7.30 p.m., 9, 13 March (last perfs. of season); *Aida* (last perf. of season), 7 p.m., 14 March. (cov 1066.) Opera season ends 18 March.

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, *Les Patineurs*, 7.30 p.m. tonight; *Ondine*, 7.30 p.m., 10 March; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2 p.m., 11 March.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Marriage Of Figaro*, 9 March; *Die Fledermaus*, 10, 14 March; *Eugene Onegin*, 11, 15 March. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus concert including Britten's *Cantata Academica* (first London perf.), 8 p.m., 10 March; *Capriccio*, lecture-recital by Else Mayer-Lismann with music by Richard Strauss, 7.45 p.m., 10 March; Lucerne Festival Strings in classical & modern programme including Kelterborn's *Variations for oboe & string orchestra* (first perf. in Britain), 3 p.m., 12 March; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra in a Bach programme, 8 p.m., 14 March. (WAT 3191.)

St. Pancras Town Hall. *The Italian Girl In Algiers*, 8 March; *The Medium*, & *Une Education Manquée*, 14 March; both by the Group Eight company; *Three Religious Moralities* of Carissimi, by the Handel Opera Society, 11 March.

Guitar Festival. Programme including Manuel Lopez Ramos, Wigmore Hall, 9 March. Also Seymour Hall, 23 March.

POETRY RECITALS

Apollo Society recital, Royal Festival Hall. Dame Peggy Ashcroft reading, with Osian Ellis (harp), 7.15 p.m., 12 March; Lunchtime Promenade, Foyles Art Gallery. Denis McCarthy & Thomas Blackburn reading from *The Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, 1-1.45 p.m., 14 March.

ART

Toulouse-Lautrec, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 15 March. **Landseer Exhibition**, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, opens on Friday, to 14 May.

Drawings & Gouaches for Collectors, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 30 March.

COLOUR FILM

"Reserved For Birds," the story of a Suffolk marsh, with commentary by James Fisher. Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m., 11 March.

LECTURE

"Photography In Medicine," by C. E. Engel, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., of Guy's Hospital, 6 p.m., 13 March. (Apply for tickets to Secretary, Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, W.C.2.)

EXHIBITIONS

Weekend Living. Ideas for furnishing a country cottage. Design Centre, Haymarket, to 8 April.

Francis Bacon Exhibition (works by and about him), University of London Library, Senate House, Malet St., W.C.1, until 31 March.

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, to 3 April.

Scotland's First National Boat Show, Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, to 18 March.

Travel Exhibition, including maps,

guide & phrase books. National Book League, Albemarle St. To 30 March.

FESTIVALS

St. Pancras Arts Festival, St. Pancras Town Hall, to 25 March.

Redcliffe Festival of British Music concert, Leighton House, Kensington, 14 March.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royalty. *The Miracle Worker*, March 9.

Aldwych, Stratford-on-Avon company. *The Hollow Crown*, 12 March.

Adelphi. *The Music Man*, 16 March.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 480.

The Bride Comes Back. "... the principals know well how to create cosiness on the stage, and in that atmosphere may not even a bad farce carry the Christmas spirit on from one year's end to another? ... The plot depends on keeping us guessing who is from heaven, who is from hell and who is from Harley Street." Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Robertson Hare. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

The Caretaker. "... Mr. Harold Pinter ... has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazing, an audience ... brilliantly directed and acted." Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Harold Pinter. (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Gant. For this week's see page 481.

G.R. = General release

A Breath Of Scandal. "... a footed film version of an old Magyar play set in the Vienna of 1905 ... Signorina Loren, splendidly dashing in period costumes ... magnificent millinery." Sophia Loren, Isabel Jeans, Maurice Chevalier, John Gavin. G.R.

The Colour Of Love. "... moments of beauty and pathos, but old-hat symbolism is irritatingly rife ... Handicapped by the fashionable, inhibiting belief that communication between human beings is quite impossible." Gordon Heath, Françoise Giret. (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744.)

BRIGGS by Graham



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GOING PLACES LATE

Club with a cachet

Douglas Sutherland

LONDON'S TOP RATING CLUB FOR late-nighters is probably Les Ambassadeurs. With its night club partner, The Milroy, it remains as an island of luxury in the middle of what at the moment looks uncommonly like chaos—I refer to the Hyde Park Corner re-development plan. Polish-born John Mills, who converted the Rothschild family mansion into a playpen for the rich, has an international following whose members go there either to eat in the luxurious ground floor Ambassadeur restaurant, or dance and drink late in the downstairs Milroy to socialite Paul Adam's band. Additional amenities for the world-weary include sauna baths and a private cinema.

It is hard to assess what ingredients go into the making of a successful club—almost as hard as it is for a backer to know what sort of play will make successful theatre. Luxury perhaps is not enough, for though the accent at Les Ambassadeurs is on the lush, this is not the only factor governing its success. There are many money-no-object spots in London's West End which are struggling for existence and where the occasional film star who drops in is given the full red carpet treatment in the hope that one swallow may be the harbinger of summer. Alas, it is seldom so.

Celebrities, whether social or cinematic, are clannish people who like to go places where they will rub shoulders with their own circle of friends. Les Ambassadeurs, with its reputation as a sort of rich man's pre-1914 Café Royal, fills this requirement admirably and is likely to remain at the top of the poll for many years to come—and, of course, one should mention, Royalty go there regularly.

Incidentally, I wrote a few weeks back about John Mills's plan to set up the Monte Carlo Room as a place where people can meet to gamble within the terms of the new Act. I understand a committee to run the Monte Carlo Room is now being formed and it is scheduled to open in April.

Another top rating rendezvous is "Prince" Rico Dajou's Casanova Club in Grosvenor Street, with its attendant late night satellite, the Don Juan. Dajou, like John Mills, is of Polish origin. (I once suggested to another distinguished Polish club-owner, Siegi Sessler of Siegi's in Charles Street, that if they all got together they could pretty well take over Mayfair's night life. "There is no danger of that," he said, "we are Poles apart!")

The Casanova has a formidable business and social lunchtime trade and has been the scene of many

glamorous late night parties given to or for, by, with or from stage folk. There is a comfortable downstairs bar at the back on the ground floor and, for the safari-minded, a table in the back restaurant perched somewhat precariously in a tree top, looking down on the less adventurous. The resident band at the Casanova is a multi-lingual quintet which sings anything from flamencos to Norwegian folk songs, and is one of the big attractions of the place.

I have often wondered why London is so ill-served by those charming small hotels which you find in Paris and which are equipped to cater for the late night party goers. The choice always seems to be between the expensive West End luxury hotel or the quiet little place in Kensington, where you are apt to be locked out if you get home after midnight. I think, therefore, that my discovery of the Headfort Place Hotel on the east side of Belgrave Square, is well worth a mention. Only recently opened by Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan, who own the Steering Wheel Club in Brick Street, it combines the advantages of quiet comfort with an all-night concierge service. You can usually get a room there at quite short notice if you avoid peak motoring functions when most of the top names in the racing fraternity use it as a home from home.

Cabaret calendar

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *The Burt Twins, Simon and Timothy.*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Max Bygraves until March 25,

Lena Horne opens March 27.

Colony (MAY 1657) *Peter Reeves and Brian Blackburn, comedians.*

Embassy (HYD 7636) *Los Valldermosas, Spanish song and dance group with supporting bill.*

Society (REG 0565) *Lita Roza.*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Alma Cogan, Betty Hutton takes over from 12 March.*



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—8. Royal Court Hotel: *Fred Masaratie can't remember whether he's been head barman here for 23 or 24 years. A Londoner, he breeds pugs and boxers, and his son is also a barman. He says the dry Martini is the most popular cocktail with his patrons, and his are strong*

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Lautrec was the appetizer

John Baker White

L.S. = Closed Sundays

L.B. = Wise to book a table

The Boulogne, 27 Gerrard Street (GER 3186). Having seen the Toulouse-Lautrec pictures I was in the mood for a traditional period French restaurant. And this is it, gilt scrollwork, big mirrors, red lamp shades with tassels, alcoves and all. I ate a well-cooked traditional French meal—omelette and *sole Bonne-Femme*. The wine list is adequate and not expensive. One can eat well for 15s. but in 1902, when Vesta Tilley was at the Tivoli music-hall, the Boulogne was serving a seven-course supper for 1s. 6d.

Genevieve, 13 Thayer Street. *C.S.*, *W.B.* (WEL 5023 or NUN 2244.) "*Restaurant Français*" is the claim made by patrons Joseph and Martin, and it is fully justified. It provides

some of the best French cooking to be found in London today. *Terrines* are a speciality; like the onion soup they are excellent. Main dishes cost from about 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Wines are moderate in price. Surroundings are pleasant, with vintage cars as the motif, and service is swift and friendly. Don't expect to get a table without booking.

Coquerico, 303 Brompton Rd. (Sloane Avenue end: KEN 7898.) *C.S.* This, too, styles itself a *Restaurant Français*, and it is. Honest provincial cooking of a high standard, of the kind to be found in places like Rodez, Montargis, and in the Côte d'Or. Small, and simply but attractively furnished, it is good value for money—main course about 12s. 6d., and all you want to eat for about £1. They

send out for wine. The third restaurant I have found in London that knows how to make a *Salade de Tomates*.

Boulestin, 25 Southampton St., Strand. (TEM 7061.) *C.S.* With its almost ecclesiastical quiet, its restful décor, this is a gastronomic shrine—the creation of a man who became journalist, soldier, and finally a great restaurateur. His personality lives on under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnett. Boulestin is expensive, but the food and wines are outstanding. You are welcome both before and after the theatre. *W.B.*

Debrys Fils, 191 Brompton Rd., S.W.3. (KEN 2733.) Though this restaurant, established 64 years ago, serves luncheons, dinners and light suppers, it is best known for its *pâtisserie*. The gâteau made with kirsch is something special. Open until 11 p.m., and a pleasant place for those who do not enjoy *espresso* bars. Salads for slimmers are one of the specialities.

Pictures & pâté

Albi is in the centre of the Toulouse-Lautrec country, and many of the

pictures shown in London came from its superb art gallery in the Bishop's Palace. In my opinion it is the place to see them at their best. The old town is delightful, and the Hostellerie Grand St. Antoine a most comfortable stopping place. The Rieux family has dedicated itself, over a long period of years, to fine cooking and a study of the local wines. Its special *pâté* is outstanding.

Wine note

Those whose interest in food and wine extends beyond their mere consumption should note the dates April 12 to May 12. Over that period the National Book League is holding at 7 Albemarle Street an exhibition of books on food and wine. Mr. André Simon is selecting the entries, and the exhibition will include his own remarkable collection.

Talking of the President of the Wine and Food Society, his book **Menus for Gourmets** (Herbert Jenkins Ltd., 3s. 6d.) is delightful. The section on salads and salad dressings is particularly useful, as are the suggested menus linked to suggested wines.

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Viennese delights

Doone Beal

IT is no reflection on Istanbul, which I had grown to love, that the January morning I left it in a flurry of snowstorm and boarded the comfortable Pan American Boeing for Vienna was a happy one. Contrast is all, and there was something voluptuous about eating caviar as we flew high over the ice-bound wastes of Macedonia. Something more voluptuous still about the heated tiles of the bathroom floor, the acres of hot towels and the soft, puff-ball beds of the Bristol Hotel in Vienna.

With Turkey still strong in my subconscious, I came on what one might call a coincidence of history in that it was the second siege of Vienna in 1683 that first turned the tide of the great Ottoman Empire, leaving the equally great Habsburg Empire intact until 1918. A few odd Turkish cannon balls remain, preserved as monuments, and the only other vestige of Ottoman influence is, interestingly enough, coffee; one Kolschitsky, an Austrian who lived as a Turk and as a spy during the siege, later started its first coffee houses. Now the backbone of Vienna's social life, they line the "little ring," bounded by Kärntnerstrasse, Graben and Kohlmarkt. It is perhaps the small scale of inner Vienna that contributes towards making it one of the most civilized and comfortable cities in the world to enjoy. The best hotels and restaurants, the shops and coffee houses, the Opera, Konzerthaus and Hofburg (Winter Palace) are all within easy walking distance of each other.

January is the Austrian season of "Fasching," meaning the carnivals that go on from Epiphany until the beginning of Lent, with the Philharmonic Ball, the Opera Ball and the rest. For these occasions, the Viennese dress up in whatever

remains of the Habsburg diamonds (which is considerable, sometimes) and with a festivity which I only associate with before the war.

Vienna seemed to be altogether refreshingly prosperous, which is all the more remarkable when one considers that only since 1955 has it been able to breathe again. In Sacher's, possibly the most luxurious restaurant (and hotel) of all, one dines in comfortably upholstered armchairs, in a rich 19th-century décor. The original Madame Sacher ran her establishment for the benefit of opera and theatre people. In a corner of the lobby is a fascinating gallery of signed photographs, not only of the ample prima donnas of the day, but also of Léhar and Oscar Strauss and other exponents of that rosy, reckless music which is peculiarly Viennese.

Music, in fact, comes close at every turn; in Vienna alone, there are some ten different houses in which Beethoven lived. Usually for brief periods, because he always quarrelled with his landladies. Deaf, noisy and rather belligerent by nature, he was also frequently short of his rent. Listening to Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic draw the great chariot race of the *Eroica* to its conclusion, one does wonder what the landladies thought of that during its gestation.

The Viennese are so spoiled that they consider nothing less than the Vienna Philharmonic and its great conductor worth the price of admission, but in fact there is a concert of some kind every day and even the second-class orchestras, drawn from the Austrian provinces, are mighty impressive. Opera, too, is performed each evening including Sundays (except during July and August, when it closes altogether), and operetta—all the Léhar and the Strausses—in the Volkstheater.



J. ALLAN CASII

Vienna must be one of the few capitals in the world whose Sundays are lively with pleasure. That of a lifetime is to hear the Vienna Boys' Choir and a section of the Philharmonic perform one of the great Masses in the little chapel of the Hofburg. After that, the Spanish Riding School, just by the Hofburg, puts on its magnificent show of dancing white stallions, which one watches from a plush-lined gallery above. (Tickets are necessary for both.)

Towards noon the fashionable Viennese repair to Demel for late coffee, an early apéritif or a light lunch. Demel epitomizes all the charm of parochial Vienna: a salon of conversation (to which the Viennese are no less addicted than are the Irish), and a parade of fashion. On Sunday afternoon they flock to a concert or perhaps coffee in the winter garden of the Auersperg Palace, with its echoes of *Rosenkavalier*. And in the evening—any evening—there are the delights of Grinzing, on the hills above the city, where you drink new wine by the tankard in the "Heurigen" houses, and—if you want to—bring your own picnic supper to eat with it.

For dinner with candle light and a pianist, try instead the Drei Husaren or the cellar of Zur Linde, both in Vienna's "little ring," both with excellent food.

The sightseeing pleasures of Vienna are manifold. The first and most obvious is Schönbrunn, which was completed in time for Maria Theresa's belovedly despotic reign. In the palace are not only some richly eccentric examples of her own taste, but also Napoleon's apartments and those in which his son, L'Aiglon, lived and died. (An illuminating aside is that in 1940 Hitler had his remains taken away

from the Habsburg burial place in the Capucine vaults and sent to Paris to lie alongside Napoleon in the Invalides.)

Vienna's visible history is comparatively immediate, and, unlike Rome and Athens, no particular flights of the imagination are required to re-create it. The two baroque palaces of Belvedere, separated by a wonderful sweep of formal gardens, were built by Prince Eugene of Savoy, an Austrian only by adoption but beloved by them for his defence of Vienna against the Turks. Yet Belvedere was also the scene of the Four Power agreement of 1955 which finally released Austria from occupation. In the city centre, the Ballhausplatz where Metternich conducted the Congress of Vienna all but sets the imagination to music (whatever that tune was in *The Congress Dances*). The Hofburg is fascinating, with the austerity of Franz Josef and Elisabeth's apartments set against the incredible baroque splendour of the rest, and Winterhalter's portrait of this still contemporary beauty, painted just about 100 years ago.

Skimming only the highlights, look also at the New Hofburg, which contains an art gallery, as well as an interesting collection of musical instruments and another—unique in the world—of armoury. And finally, above all, Canova's lovely monument to Maria Christina, in the church of St. Augustin.

Opera tickets: apply the Bundes-theaterverwaltung, Goethegasse 1. Pan American's flight (Wednesday, Friday and Sunday) gets you there in time for lunch, £48 7s. return Economy and £62 8s. First, with a useful stop in Frankfurt's duty free airport en route. Also on various routings and times, B.E.A., Austrian Airlines, and K.L.M.

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According to Mr. Spyros P. Skouras, an £800,000 claim is pending against Lloyd's over the filming of Cleopatra. The insurance men to whom vessels and starring vehicles come alike are photographed by

The Room—as the concourse of Lloyd's is known. The caller sits at a microphone under the Lutine bell, which he tolls once for bad news, twice for good

ROGER HILL

PREMIUM PEOPLE



PREMIUM PEOPLE

continued

MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR may not have launched a thousand ships but she bids to stop a thousand ship-insurers in their tracks. Her illnesses and their effect on the filming of 20th Century-Fox's *Cleopatra* have brought Lloyd's of London once more into the news, which is something of an achievement for any woman. For, though Lloyd's is not so shy as it used to be (an official film is being made about it at present), it is still not a place that offers much scope to women. Indeed, not only can no underwriting member be a woman, but in the big "Room" where business is transacted no woman can be seen at all. Not a single secretary, not a clerk, not even a tea-lady. There are, it is true, some women in the administrative offices elsewhere in the building, and waitresses are employed in Captain's Room, as the restaurant is called, but largely Lloyd's is a world without women. It comes as a surprise then to read that in the dispute over the insurance of *Cleopatra* the gentlemen of Lloyd's went so far as to suggest other more robust leading ladies with whom the filming might proceed. Still, it has long been a fallacy to suppose that Lloyd's expertise is confined to ships. Its members range over oil, aviation and almost anything insurable—though the underwriter still tends to specialize in one branch.

What's the difference, then, between Lloyd's and, say, the Pru? Well, for a start Lloyd's is not an insurance company. It's a corporation

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

In a period hand contemporary with Lloyd's coffee-house, from which the whole thing sprang, a clerk records in the loss-book. Opposite: The stall system, also inherited from coffee-house days, survives in the post-war building. Below: Brokers pause from their rounds of the underwriters' stalls for a chat on a seat in the "Room." Messages are circulated by liveried attendants, called waiters because their antecedents once served coffee







The writing room for members has that incongruous new-antique look also found in the rebuilt parts of the House of Commons. Left: Bustle in the Room, seen from the gallery

PREMIUM PEOPLE *concluded*

that owns floor space and facilities and rents them out to members. The members are the underwriters. The broker finds the business and hawks it round among the underwriters in the Room for the best terms he can get for his client. The underwriter, rather like a barrister, never deals direct with the public. He appraises the risks, takes the premiums and stands to pay the losses, if any. Big risks (and premiums) are shared among several underwriters. It is their own money which he has to provide the security that is the whole idea of insurance.

An irreverent American once summed it all up as "the biggest fookie joint in the world". But Premium People is really a better tag. For it's still the best-esteemed insurance market in the world and you do have to put out some hard cash to join.

Among the facilities provided for members is Lloyd's List of shipping intelligence, printed on the premises. At five each evening the presses are prepared. Contrary to popular belief, Lloyd's Register of Shipping is not published by Lloyd's





The Earl of Perth with American-born Lady Ogilvy at the George Washington Ball. Below: Miss Sarita Cooke and Miss Susan Fox



PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEND

The night Lord Perth hammed it *by Muriel Bowen*

I felt sorry for the Earl of Perth when I saw that he was the most senior member of the Government at the George Washington Birthday Ball at the May Fair. Not the happiest of positions for the Minister of State for the Colonies. But with that fortunate resourcefulness of the Scots, Lord Perth turned the evening into a personal triumph.

Over dinner (with excellent fare) Mrs. Ernest Moore, wife of Major-Gen. Ernest Moore who commands the U.S.A.F.

here, told him that she had left in her fridge several hams meant for the already-cleared-out tombola stall. To make matters worse the man who gave her the hams was present at the ball. Suggested Lord Perth: "You get them along here in an hour or two. I'll auction them—I've always wanted to sell hams."

Selling hams at a ball sounded like my idea of boredom—but not with Lord Perth as auctioneer. Within minutes he had knocked one down to the Marchioness of Cholmondeley for £30. Others followed for less. Then Viscountess Hampden got one for £25; and the Countess of Perth another for £20 ("Not so good that one," commented the auctioneer, "I should have got rid of it to somebody else.")

They didn't have charity balls in Washington's day but I think the General would have liked the record dispatch those hams got. "Your husband is simply marvellous," commented Mrs. Moore to Lady Perth, the ball chairman. "We made much more money this way."

There were lots of American wives of Englishmen and Scots. Besides Lady Perth, there was American-born Lady Ogilvy who came with her husband, Lady Makins who came with Sir Roger, and Lady Bromley Davenport—who came on her own. "My husband won't make it tonight," Lady Bromley Davenport told me. "The House of Commons isn't sitting quite all night, they think, but it will be very late."

Still more at the ball: Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wisner, who have a lovely house in Washington but are now here at the U.S. Embassy, Lady Gillian Anderson, the Hon. Lady Ford, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis & Lady Fogarty. It was a Washington ball without a U.S. ambassador, but Mr. Wally Barbour told me that the new one, Mr. David Bruce, & Mrs. Bruce should be arriving about Easter.

THE QUEEN'S MOVIES

As soon as anyone heard I was just back from India, I was asked about the royal tour. I was able to tell them about several sidelights that had interested me as much as the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Muriel Bowen CONCLUDED

main events of the programme. For instance the Queen must have shot nearly as many feet of movie as anyone shot of her. She alone shot the Jaipur tiger shoot in colour. She must have quite a few feet, too, of the polo matches in which Prince Philip played, and some hard riding off (with Prince Philip on the receiving end on one occasion!) should provide plenty of laughs at the Palace after dinner.

There will surely be fun, too, when it comes to running off the reels on the Lahore Horse Show. Both the Queen and her husband had their cameras busily buzzing away on that occasion and there was a lot of discussion in the royal box about what to take and what to leave. This was all to the amusement of the professional cameramen gathered in the red gravel enclosure down below. The Queen's knowledge of lenses and the way she makes the best use of available light were commented on by the professionals several times this tour. (*Royal tour pictures: see centre pages.*)

THE PRINCE'S SHOOTING

On most of the days set aside for a rest from official duties Prince Philip was out with his gun. Bags were large, sometimes enormous. This isn't to say that birds in this part of the world are easier to hit but there is a greater profusion of them. In many parts of Pakistan game is so numerous that the country is a veritable paradise for sportsmen. With the number of shots going up by large numbers in both England and America each year, one of these days it's pretty sure to be "discovered," especially as Karachi is now little more than an overnight trip (£242 return by B.O.A.C. Comet). Returning from the royal tour I left Karachi late in the evening, and after a dinner of Ritz-like sumptuousness settled down to a flight that was so smooth that I went straight to the office after arriving in London at breakfast time.

Chikor shooting is a great challenge, as the birds come

towards the guns fast and wheel as they fly. The chikor resemble the French partridge with red beaks and red legs. They're most often found on mountainsides, so the day's shoot entails quite a bit of mountaineering—hardly a "rest" from a royal tour, but Prince Philip seemed to enjoy it enormously.

I asked Mr. Farid Khan, who is one of President Ayub's regular shooting companions, how chikor compares with partridge. "*A damn sight more difficult to hit,*" was his reply. "*They come at you like dive-bombers!*" Duck are also numerous in Pakistan. A bag of 300 for two guns is by no means unusual.

Near Karachi, where Prince Philip went duck-shooting with President Ayub, waders are worn; otherwise it's necessary to row. Each gun and his loader go out in a tiny boat in order to reach the butts, which are on a piece of dry land, usually in a cleared square in the high elephant grass. "Pickers" in a series of little boats retrieve the fallen birds—and what a sight they are as they paddle and swosh about. Ownership of birds is sometimes difficult to establish accurately as the view from the butts isn't good. President Ayub wanted all the "doubtful" ones credited to Prince Philip, but he'd have none of it. So they agreed to take every second one.

CROCODILE POSTSCRIPT

In charming Swat, with its snow-capped mountains, Prince Philip went after gurrel, a type of mountain goat. He bagged five. At the end of the shoot he came across two baby gurrel in a cave and brought them down to the Wali of Swat's palace in the back of a shooting brake so the Queen could see them. They were later put back in the cave. I'm told that, far from being frightened by the station wagon, they enjoyed the ride and took an interest in the passengers.

As for that crocodile which was credited to Prince Philip at Udaipur, it did in fact get away. The Maharajah of Udaipur is now turning his Water Palace into a luxury hotel, following the successful conversion by the Maharajah of Jaipur of one of his palaces. Prince Philip suggested to the Maharajah that he should encourage the luxury guests to swim in the pool where the crocodile is; the crocodile would then come up for a bite and another guest could bag him!

THE CALCUTTA RACES

It was a very English scene which greeted the Queen when she went to the races at the Royal Calcutta Turf Club—Ascot weather, a beautiful paddock with shady trees, mown grass, and beds of flowers in the vivid oranges, reds, purples and blues which the Indians love.

Racing is still a great sport in Calcutta. "They love to gamble and they love a good horse," was how Mr. H. C. Clifton of Pratt's summed it up. He was until recently the Secretary of the Royal Calcutta which keeps up its affiliations with the Jockey Club just as it did in the old days.

It's also got one little financial touch which Mrs. Topham would readily endorse—it runs its own Tote which means a considerable sum is ploughed back each year.

The Countess of Perth greeting Miss Barbara Tuck & Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Bt., at the George Washington Ball

PHILIP TOWNSEND



THE OPERA BALL



Mr. Jay Roberson won a prize as Orpheus; his Eurydice is Miss Moira Montagu Duncan



First prize went to Mrs. Kenneth Snowman as a lady in an opera box



Enter Salome with the Baptist's head—Miss Sarah Caplan & Mr. Sandy Murray. Judges are Mr. Benjamin Britten, Dame Peggy Ashcroft & Mr. Peter Pears

Opera-goers and performers dressed as their favourite characters to dance at the annual ball at the Dorchester



Mrs. Richard Lonsdale-Hands, wife of the industrial designer, with Dame Peggy Ashcroft



Mr. Benjamin Britten buys raffle tickets at the ball

PHOTOGRAPHS: ERICH AUERBACH

The Countess of Harewood, ball chairman, went as opera's newest character—Tytania from the Britten opera

Dublin welcomed back the Lane picture collection after a 44-year absence in Britain



Mr. Sean Lemass, Prime Minister of Ireland, his wife, Lord Moyne & Dr. Thomas Bodkin



Lady Moyne at the reception, which was at the Dublin Municipal Art Gallery

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES FENNELL

Sir Ian MacLennan, British Ambassador in Dublin, with Lady MacLennan



EASELS AND EXILES

THOUGH SO MANY POLITICIANS PAINT NOWADAYS it seems that Mr. Peter Thorneycroft's exhibition at the Trafford Gallery was the first one-man show to be given by a Minister of the Crown, writes Muriel Bowen. The former Chancellor of the Exchequer has not, as might be imagined, given up his hobby since he returned to the Government as Minister of Civil Aviation. He paints at night.

"I find painting terribly difficult," he told me. "Sometimes for months on end nothing comes out right and I wonder if I shall ever be able to paint again." The paintings, though, didn't give that impression at all. There was Venice bubbling with vitality, and the pathos of a deserted village. Sir Kenneth & Lady Clark and the Countess of Middleton stopped in front of *Child's dream*, the artist's impression of one as related by his nine-year-old daughter, Victoria.

Lord & Lady Gladwyn stood out—he because of his height and broad shoulders, she because of her Dresden beauty. "I do embroidery," she told me. "Embroidery does for women what painting does for all these politicians."

"I don't paint pictures but I paint my house—I could be called a house painter," said Mr. Enoch Powell, the Health Minister, who went into political exile with Mr. Thorneycroft. Well, it's not everybody who lives in Eaton Place could make that claim.

It was a fun evening, most unstuffy, with lots of people who had come just to enjoy themselves. Lady Jenour, wife of Sir Maynard (who is Mr. Thorneycroft's constituency chairman in Monmouthshire) was there and so were Mme. Jean Chauvel, the Swedish Ambassador, Mr. Gunnar Häggblöf, and Lady Birley.

I compared notes with Mr. & Mrs. Hamish Hamilton on their recent visit to India. "Jaipur—what a lovely city," exclaimed Italian-born Mrs. Hamilton. Her sister, Countess Andreola Vinci, is having an exhibition at the Trafford Gallery in May.

Amateur painters are not nearly so possessive about the pictures as they used to be. I saw several red stickers go up on Mr. Thorneycroft's while I was there. I should have liked *Valley of the Usk* myself, with its wonderfully warm shades of burnt yellow—but it cost 30 gns. Viscount Monekton of Brenchley paid 40 gns. for a painting of telephone kiosks. "My wife liked it," he told me. "I was the only one in Winston's cabinet who was colour blind and couldn't draw a straight line."

London saw a one-man show of pictures painted by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft in and out of office



Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft welcomes Lady Dymally

Lady Birley (right) with Freya Stark (Mrs. Stewart Perceval), the author and traveller

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Mr. Duncan Sandys and Fleur Coxles (Mrs. Tom Meyer) who also paints



Viscount Monckton of Brenchley with Mr. Charles Harding, director of the Trafford Gallery



Lady Gladwyn, wife of the former ambassador to France, with Mary Duchess of Roxburghe

Lt.-Col. Sir Walter Bromley Davenport, M.P. for Knutsford, with Viscount Ward of Whitley



Viscountess Monckton of Brenchley, who chose one of the pictures, signs the visitors' book

Princess Joan Aly Khan





Quickest way to a new room is to stick something new on the wall, and the picture opposite illustrates surfaces galore. New materials constantly coming on to the market are making possible entirely new effects. Many of them need no practice to apply—only the right gadgets. Even crumbling old plaster is not necessarily an obstacle if you choose the right covering . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRISCILLA CONRAN
& COVERED BY ILSE GRAY



From an unusual collection of wallpapers by well-known artists at the current Ideal Home Exhibition: Above: Amor by Raymond Peynet (19s. 6d. a piece). Below: Cervantes by Salvador Dali (25s. a piece). They are from the Rasch range of contemporary artists, imported from Germany by E. N. Heath & Co. Ltd., 319 Weston Street, London, S.E.1



THE WALL GAME

- 1 Cork that hangs in sheets like wallpaper and looks like brick. It comes in seven different coloured grounds at £6 a roll from Sanderson's. Ask for *Cortex*.
- 2 Natural brick, still one of the most attractive finishes when painted white.
- 3 Self-adhesive plastic film is excellent for steamy rooms, but wall needs to be dead smooth for a good effect. Black marble is one of *Fablon's* 1961 patterns, 3s. 9d. a yard 18 ins. wide.
- 4 Tiles like the square plastic ones widely used for floors can now be stuck on the wall, giving a brick effect. *Marleymura* has six colours at 12s. 6d. a sq. yd.
- 5 Wallpaper wears harder with washable treatment. Synthetic resin protects Joyce Florey's floral design from the *Modus* range of the Wall Paper Manufacturers. In white on grey-green, 16s. a piece.
- 6 Hand-printed wallpaper for a luxurious look. This is John Drummond's *Rajah* in blue and green or in autumn colours—66s. a piece from Sanderson's.
- 7 Opaque glass in pastel shades can be stuck to wall with mastic or screwed (for smaller panels). *Vitrolite* by Pilkington, ordered through glaziers.
- 8 Jute is the basis of *Canotex*, which gives living-room walls a warm look. In natural and 22 colours at 9s. 6d. a yard, 36 ins. wide, from Sanderson's.
- 9 Perforated hardboard fixed to battens enables kitchen hooks to be moved at will. Also provides a gap behind, which is recommended for damp walls. *Laconite* sheets come ready-painted in black, white and 11 other colours at 2s. a sq. ft. from C. F. Anderson & Sons (Harris Wharf, Graham Street, N.1) or hardware stores.
- 10 Wood panelling at half the usual cost is the idea of Mattawa *Plankply*, a grooved Canadian birch plywood, pre-finished and ready for fixing. In four finishes at 3s. 3d.
- 11 Ready-laid mosaic that hangs like wallpaper and wears like vinyl. Called *Balacuir*, it's scrubbable, colourfast, and available in four metallic and eight plain colours. From John Line's at 12s. 6d. a yard (or 17s. 6d. metallic).
- 12 Ceramic plaque for decoration has a Tudor woman on a navy ground. Hand-made from Orbis Studio, Knightsbridge, about 4½ gns.
- 13 For rapid, professional-look painting even in places you can't reach, the Harris roller has an extension handle. With tray, 24s. 6d.
- 14 Matchboarding, back in fashion, costs little more than plastering. When properly sealed it can be cleaned with a damp cloth.
- 15 Wood-slatting just sticks to a lined wall with WK rubber glue. *Zebra* is one of several Rolliwoods from Swede at Sanderson's, costs 2s. 6d. a sq. ft.
- 16 Quilted *Ceibatex* in various colours ticks or tacks to a wall, offers decorative possibilities for recesses, bedhead and bathrooms. Also acts as heat or sound insulator, and wipes clean. Made by Kapok Ltd. at 2s. 4d. a sq. ft. (or 4s. heavy finish).
- 17 The look of fabric and the wear of vinyl-coating is the appeal of *Mural Texuride*, which is hung with a special paste. In 30 colours and designs (including 13 tweed) at 8s. a yard.
- 18 Brush from a painting and paper-hanging set by Harris comprising four brushes, a stripping knife and a seam roller—£2 17s. 6d.
- 19 Emulsion, rapidly superseding distemper, goes on easily, dries fast and is washable. *Citrus* is a new colour in Du-lite's range.
- 20 Mohair pad laminated to a polyester cushion makes a new kind of painting instrument that applies paint evenly over rough or curved surfaces. The *Immie* comes in seven sizes from 2s. 6d. up.
- 21 Paisley cotton doubles as curtain and wall covering when drawn across a window wall at night. Used with *Silent Gliss* tracks fixed flush to wall or ceiling, it needs no pelmet. From Woollands.
- 22 A 3-D effect comes over from Richard Guyatt's lattice design *Perspecta*, a hand-printed Sanderson wallpaper in three colours on a neutral, blue or grey ground at 95s. 8d. a piece.



THE FLAT-RACE

by Mark Bence-Jones

BEFORE marriage, which for churchgoing girls might be termed the steeplechase, comes the flat race. Consider Sally. It isn't her name and I've changed the others too, but most of the incidents are from life. As for addresses, they don't matter, for Sally and her friends rarely write letters. But they use the telephone all the time, and the numbers mean a lot. GROSVENOR is too expensive; it usually means that a girl is either living with rich relations, or is not virtuous. SLOANE and KNIGHTSBRIDGE are, for girls, the smartest exchanges in London; followed closely by the fashionable post-war upstart, BELGRAVIA. Then KENSINGTON and FLAXMAN, of which any girl might be proud. Then FREMANTLE and WESTERN, of which no girl need be ashamed. FROBISHER, PARK and the misleading AMBASSADOR are doubtful.

The flat race is as hectic as the no-words-wasted style of the evening-paper property ads. As follows. 1957, 22 April to 25 July: Comfortable furnished mansion flat, KNI, taken by parents for Sally's deb season. 29 September: returns to London by herself. Father says she's too young to be independent, so she goes to Miss Adderton-Stonely's. Miss Adderton-Stonely, middle-aged spinster, good connections, has comfortable mansion flat, SLO; takes four girls as lodgers. Gives cooking lessons, too, which means that girls are expected to cook for her, which means that she has to live on exclusive diet of buttered eggs. Other girls are Carolyn, Jane and Marianne; all came out with Sally. Hostesses who are short of a girl ring up Miss Adderton-Stonely, as though she were a female colonel of the Life Guards. Girls not allowed to entertain in sitting-room, so have to entertain boy friends in bedrooms. Quite all right, Miss Adderton-Stonely is chaperon. Fact that Miss Adderton-Stonely is away having cure is neither here nor there. When she is away Sally says "I hope she dies" and Carolyn agrees. Just like being at school, they can't stand much more of it. Carolyn knows of flat with other girls, only 30s. a week each. When she goes home for Christmas, Sally pesters father and mother to let her go to other flat. They give in. 1958, January 13 to March 27: bad conversion, fifth floor, sitting room, bedroom, kitchen in cupboard off bedroom, shared bathroom, w.c. in basement, FRO. Snobbish boy friend refuses to ring Sally at Frobisher number, like Victorian

lady who wouldn't leave cards North of Park. Carolyn and three other girls share bedroom. Sally sleeps on sofa in sitting-room, which means she can't get to sleep till everybody's gone home. One girl keeps pet snake. Flat frequented by well-known member of lesser Chelsea Set. Pays attentions to Sally. March 27, Sally made Ward in Chancery. Taken away by father. She hopes Chelsea-ite will follow and risk imprisonment, but he doesn't.

April 30, back at Miss Adderton-Stonely's. New girl, Elizabeth. May 28, Elizabeth complains to Miss Adderton-Stonely that others are bullying her and asks if she can have meals by herself. June 1, bullying drives Elizabeth to point of nervous breakdown. Miss Adderton-Stonely asks Sally to leave. June 5 to July 30, Sally stays with rich aunt, GRO. Boy friend scolds Sally about bullying Elizabeth. Sally says: "Me, bully her? We're the best of friends. I asked her to tea only last week."

August 18, Sally has persuaded father and mother to let her launch out again. Jane now sharing expensive and elegant flat, SLO, good conversion, automatic door, with Camilla and Frances, both expensive and elegant girls. Camilla abroad for summer, Sally invited to take her place till she comes back. October 1, Camilla returns. Sally still there and begs to stay on. They agree. Flat frequented by Very Eligible Young Man, friend of Frances. November, Very Eligible Young Man starts paying attentions to Sally. November 19, Camilla, Frances and Jane ask Sally to leave, having decided that flat wasn't big enough for four after all.

November 24, moves to spacious but shabby flat in large shabby house, PAR, on introduction of daughter of retired Indian Army colonel in village at home. Large sitting-room in which three girls sleep, two bedrooms with three girls in each, bathroom with large bath which holds two girls at a time when they're rushed. Landlord, who lives in house, charges fixed rate for electricity; so girls use as much electricity as possible. Landlord out on pavement all weathers looking balefully up at brilliantly lighted windows. 1959, January 6: When girls return from Christmas holidays, landlord has let flat to other people. They complain that he has stolen their belongings. He complains that they owe him rent. January 15, Sally in microscopic but smart flat, FLA, sitting-room with black ceiling, Regency stripe on one wall, photographic mural on other, glass cupboard containing kitchen and picture window giving splendid picture of chimney-pots. Small bedroom. Shared with Carolyn and Marianne. March: Carolyn and Marianne complain that Sally is untidy, underwear all over place. Sally says: "All very well for you, you can go home every weekend and get your mother to wash your smalls. I can't, as I happen to live in the *country*"—in tone of voice which suggests that Hampshire and Gloucestershire are suburbs.

April 2, Sally moves to mews flat, KEN, belonging to Jane's uncle, who lives in main house. Two other girls as well. Good furniture,

also belonging to uncle. April 7, party. Uncle says: "You must have had a good party last night from the sound of it." April 16, party. Uncle says: "You don't half make a row when you have a party." May 5, party. Uncle complains. May 10, uncle visits flat and sees condition of his good furniture. All asked to leave.

May 19, Sally rejoins daughter of retired Indian Army colonel and three others in basement, AMB, kitchen approached through w.c., shared bathroom on fourth floor. June 17, joins Marianne and Camilla in mansion flat, BEL, belonging to Camilla's godmother who is never there. One snag, godmother has cats which girls are expected to look after. July 11, godmother arrives unexpectedly and hears Sally say in next room: "God, how awful these cats are." July 21, Sally gives best cat detergent instead of patent food. Thinks it best to leave.

October 18, after holiday, Sally takes up residence in attic flat, FRE, with Elizabeth (bullying forgotten) and three others. November 5, firework party. Fire brigade. Police. All evicted. November 10, Sally joins Frances and Marianne (who sat on Camilla's godmother's other cat) in good conversion, KEN. November 13, Sally's Steady comes to take her out. Sally in bath. Steady has drink alone with Frances. November 19, Steady calls unexpectedly on Sally. Sally out, Frances in. Steady stays for supper. 1960, January 18, Steady engaged to Frances.

January 20, Sally moves to bed-sitter by herself. WES, fourth floor. When boy friend comes to take her out, she has to do vital dressing in bathroom as he is waiting in bed-sitter and then has to finish off in front of him. Quite respectable really. March 12, Sally overflows bath. March 27, overflows bath again. April 5, overflows bath yet again. Evicted.

April 19. Thrilling. Sally, Jane, Elizabeth and four others sharing *whole house* (FRO, 1½ recep., 3 bed)! One snag, house is for sale; as soon as it is sold, they will all have to leave. Girls do their best to discourage prospective purchasers, showing them rotten floorboard behind stairs. May 30, *Great excitement*—telephone number of house changed from FRO to FRE. Girls take care not to tell prospective purchasers that telephone is now one-up—but house agent does. House sold before middle of June.

July 16, Sally, Carolyn, Marianne and one other in reasonably comfortable but dilapidated bad conversion, FRO (no chance of its being changed to FRE), fourth floor. September, Sally goes to stay with impoverished young laird in North of Scotland. September 14, 5.55 p.m., young laird proposes. She refuses him, feeling she can't spend rest of her life in North of Scotland. 6.27 p.m.: trunk call from Carolyn. Kitchen ceiling has collapsed. What are they to do about it? 6.40 p.m.: Sally tells young laird that when she said no just now she *really* meant yes. Later, same evening, young laird says: "Darling, when we get married, let's give up this old barrack and take a flat in London."



One of the vast crowds that turned out for the Queen. This was in India, where the Queen addressed an audience estimated at 250,000 in the Ramlika Grounds outside Old Delhi

INDIA & PAKISTAN
SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL TOUR



SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL TOUR

At a reception by the ladies of Karachi the Queen's brass-coloured shantung dress rivalled the brilliance of the saris in a parade of historical costumes. These ladies' receptions were a feature of the tour in Pakistan—they meant an extra party and they could be attended by women in purdah



An unusual touch of pageantry was the launch trip to the Water Palace of the Maharajah of Udaipur (India). A colourful reception by local officials (below) awaited the royal visitors there



Welcoming flowers were thrown by the crowds as the Queen drove with Pakistan's President Ayub Khan through Karachi (below)







PAKISTAN: In Pakistan's eastern fragment, the Queen was greeted at Dacca by thousands of Union-Jack-waving children. At an investiture there the following evening Mr. H. P. Carse of Chittagong (above) received the insignia of the Order of the British Empire (Commander). In West Pakistan spectacles at Lahore included tribal dancing in which a camel pranced to the pipes. Opposite: The Queen was exquisitely jewelled for the dinner at Lahore given by the Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army



INDIA & PAKISTAN

CONTINUED

INDIA: One of many English touches was the landau and mounted escort that took the Queen with President Prasad to the polo grounds in New Delhi. She watched Prince Philip head a team against the Maharajah of Jaipur. Note the carved elephants on the doortops





INDIA: The Queen & Prince Philip gaze in the ornamental lake which reflects the formal beauty of the Taj Mahal behind them. This was one of several occasions when they had to remove their shoes before entering a holy place

Prince Philip's hunting on the trip delighted the Indians but caused controversy at home. Here is the historic picture taken after the shoot in Rajasthan, when he shot an eight-foot tiger. Either side of the Queen stand the Maharajah & Maharani of Jaipur

In Bombay, as in Calcutta, the Queen went to the races and presented prizes. At Bangalore (below) she was shown outside tropical fruit in the Lalbagh Gardens—a local Kew



INDIA & PAKISTAN

CONCLUDED



The Queen at the Gateway of India built where King George V landed in Bombay in 1911. The archway commemorates the visit, during which he attended the last Imperial Durbar

LORD KILBRACKEN

A ghostly encounter

I RECENTLY had my first experience at Killegar of an apparently psychic phenomenon, if that isn't too grand a phrase to describe the event in question.

As a child I was terrified of ghosts. I remember once arriving with my father to stay at a large and ancient house in the country, and being told by our host's children, with the easy nonchalance of their own familiarity, that I would be sleeping in "the haunted room." I was appalled; and then came the heaven-sent relief when it was decided before nightfall—I didn't make the suggestion, but I heartily seconded it—that we should camp out on the lawn since it was a fine summer night. Camping out, which sounds so exciting, is always cold, damp and midge-ridden in the end, but anything would have been preferable to the headless horseman who would otherwise have stood over me.

Killegar has always had its fair quota of alleged ghosts, as might be expected of an old, rambling house which stands creaking and alone on its deserted hilltop. Most nights of my childhood here, and even for some years afterwards, were filled with the uneasy fear of happening on one or other of these apparitions. I had often heard Cousin Anna tell how she and two witnesses had beheld the ghost of old Robert Bowes as he walked across the House Lake, his long grey beard streaming behind him, and how it was afterwards discovered that he had died at that same instant. There was a spectral tailor, too, who was said to be observed from time to time, sitting crosslegged on the lake. There was also a black dog, with eyes like burning coals, who put in periodic appearances (or so I was assured).

And there was an assortment of banshees, leprechauns and the like. And there was the Killeshandra Coach.

I never once saw any of them, though the house at night would be filled with strange,

unexplained, inexplicable sounds and noises, which worked with much effect on my boyhood imagination, and always impelled me to have a reassuring candle alight by my bedside.

I can now say that I'm no longer *afraid* of ghosts (whether I believe in them is another question). I've often spent the night completely alone here—as indeed I am at this moment, and it's nearly midnight—without the smallest apprehension, though there would be no living soul within a mile of me, and though the same sounds and noises would be often in evidence. They may be caused, one tells oneself, by the wind—which is whining round the rooftops as I write—or by the mice who inhabit my wainscoting, or by the birds who elect annually to build nests in my chimneys, and then fall down them. There is also that comforting explanation that a house expands in the heat of the day, and contracts again by night, and creaks a good bit in the process.

I must admit, all the same, that when some particular noise persisted unduly—perhaps a gentle tapping, for example—I used to get up eventually and go to my bedroom door; and that I finally gave this up because of the complete and absolute silence that would at once fall on the house, as soon as I peered outside into the long empty corridor. Nowadays, I just turn over and go to sleep again.

What, after all, can a poor spook do? A ghost, as far as I know, has never done anyone any *physical* harm; all he can do is haunt. And if any previous inhabitant of Killegar took it into his head (assuming he *had* a head) to return for a visit, I for one would be happy and pleased to meet him, and would make him welcome (or her, as the case may be). I would be specially interested to meet old John Godley, my great-great-grandfather, who built this house, for example, or his wife, Kate, if they ever felt inclined to make an apparition.

Maybe that's what in fact happened the other evening. It was like this. I was working late in the central room of the house, which is known as the saloon (and is quite different from a *salon*). Everyone else was asleep. I had a roaring log fire behind me; my only light as usual, was a gently hissing tilly-lamp (I have no electricity). After midnight, my day's work done, I stood up at my desk to tidy my papers before going to bed; the fire behind me was now nothing more than a few glowing embers. And then, as I stood alone there in the large empty room, someone—or something—tugged at the tail of my coat, gently, but quite firmly and distinctly. Or so it seemed at the time.

I felt neither surprise nor fear, though I knew perfectly well that no other human being could possibly be in the room. I glanced over my shoulder, slowly and easily, just as a matter of form, to see if anyone were visibly present, and, as I expected, there was only the dying fire. At the time, anyway, I accepted without question that some friendly entity had decided to let me know that he (or she) was there, keeping a friendly eye on things. Perhaps it *was* old John Godley, or perhaps Cousin Anna, or Fred the butler (whom I can just remember), or Great Uncle Archie, or even . . . who knows? And I shrugged and went up to bed.

The house that night was unusually silent; I slept very soundly. Next morning I remembered the event with the utmost clarity, and still found it reassuring. But there must always be a rational explanation, I told myself, for such seemingly inexplicable happenings. Imagination? Reverie? A dream? I supposed it was conceivable.

Yet frankly I know that it was none of these. How then to account for it? It was simply, I think, however fanciful this sounds, a gentle reminder of the past: a souvenir, let us say, *du temps perdu*.

NEW TURNINGS UP WEST

THE TATLER 6 March 1961

HYDE
PARK

VIADUCT FOR
PRIVATE CARS
ONLY SLOW

A Hyde Park
Marble Arch
confusing course
behind a bus heading
direction and let the driver
about the road signals. This
it's easier with fashion. The new
turnings all lead to much the same
places, especially in suits and
tailormades. This page's guide:
Sylvia Mills, who tailored the dress
and jacket of fine grey and white
worsted on the clear-cut lines that
are still the most popular over here.
The collarless dress with elbow-
length sleeves has an inset plastron
front cut on the bias and saddle-
stitch trimming; it is fully lined as
is the jacket. The two-piece costs
44½ gns. at Rocha, Grafton St.
W.1; Daly's, Glasgow; Modiste
Cambridge. Madge Chard hat from
John Barker's, W.8; Watt Bros.
Glasgow; 11½ gns. Necklace from
Dickins & Jones, W.1. 25s. 6d.

Pictures by Norman Eales



NEW TURNINGS UP WEST

CONTINUED

THE flyunder is being dug in sections. This girdered excavation yawns open to the spring sunshine behind the Artillery Memorial. It will be roofed over soon and a lawn and trees planted to cover the site. Making a personal survey of current progress on the £5½ million improvement scheme, the Londoner wears Alexon's sleeveless sheath dress of daffodil yellow in Moygashel's linen weave rayon. It has a natural waistline emphasized by a self-belt. The straight fitting jacket made in a companion fabric of yellow and white blazer stripes is fully lined. At John Barkers, Kensington, W.8; Schofields, Leeds; Channele, Bournemouth, price £9 19s. 6d. Madge Chard's white raffia pill-box can be bought at John Barkers, Kensington, W.8; Watt Bros., Glasgow, price: 12 gns. Large river pearl ear-rings from Dickins & Jones, W.1, 25s. 6d.





TEMPORARY flyover takes care of the normal flow of traffic through the park which would otherwise become entangled with the Piccadilly traffic now barred from crossing Hyde Park Corner. The onlooker stands on a level with the upper windows of Apsley House and in sight of yet another great hole being dug outside the National Farmers Union Headquarters. She wears Sambo's satin cotton two-piece printed with a *moiré* design in beige and white. The fitted dress has short sleeves, a natural belted waist and round collarless neckline. The waist-length jacket with tie-neck and three-quarter length sleeves is, with the dress, fully lined. On sale at Peter Jones, S.W.1; Renée Shaw, Sutton; Rackhams, Birmingham, price: 9 gns. The gilt bracelets from Dickins & Jones, W.1, cost 5 gns. each



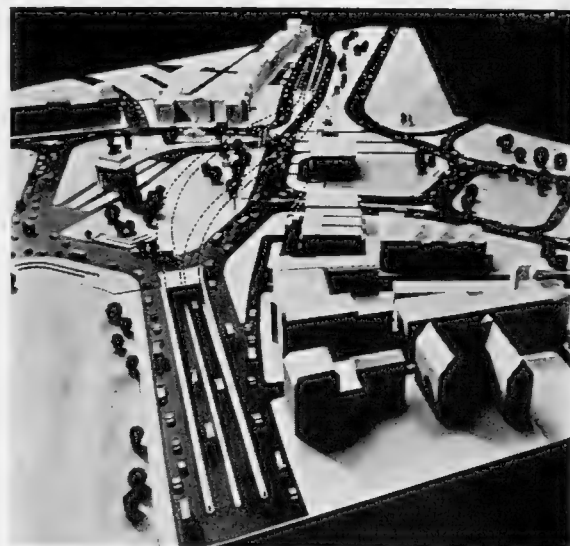
UNDER the temporary flyover, Frederick Starke's suit-like dress and jacket. The dress, made of a lightweight turquoise woollen cloth flecked with white, is sleeveless and the matching jacket is fashionably double breasted and loose fitting. At Liberty, W.1; Renée Meneely, Belfast; Vogue, Cambridge, about 29 gns. Madge Chard's hat is at John Barkers, W.8; Watt Bros, Glasgow: price 8½ gns. Below: By the Artillery Memorial while a crane shifts earth in the background, a visitor takes her bearings in Matita's casual grey flannel dress and jacket. The jacket edged with black braid tops a fitted dress which has short sleeves. At Adaire, Bond Street, W.1; Harris, Barnstaple; Louisa Lawrenson, Worplesdon: price 36½ gns. Madge Chard's hat is at John Barkers, W.8; Watt Bros, Glasgow: price 8½ gns. The brooch from Dickins & Jones, 10s. 6d.



NEW TURNINGS UP WEST

CONCLUDED

BATTLE of reconstruction rages fiercest near Apsley House. The adjoining Decimus Burton screen will stay as a purely decorative feature in the improvement scheme (*plan right*) due for completion by Cubitts Fitzpatrick Shand in the autumn. Note of calm is struck by Claire Cobden's short-sleeved sheath dress in charcoal shantung, topped by a self-jacket of the same material. From Barnett Hutton, Oxford St., W.1; Peter Robinson's provincial branches, 18½ gns. Madge Chard's breton at Barkers, W.8; Watt Bros, Glasgow, 11½ gns.



H A T S

Nine new shapes from Paris

Photographed by Alfredo de Molli



Lanvin-Castillo's Breton in shocking pink straw with white organza brim, shocking pink veiling. In London at Mme. Vernier, 82 George St., W.1



Shovel hat by Pierre Cardin who used them throughout his collection. Shown in a fine cinnamon baku straw with matching petersham trimming



Picture hat by Lanvin-Castillo in toning shades of brown tulle. Obtainable in London at Simone Mirman, 9 Chesham Place, S.W.1



Picture hat, again by Lanvin-Castillo, this time in palest crème de menthe crinoline straw. Also from Simone Mirman in London



Cannotier of white straw by Svend with a wide band of silver lamé. The white dahlia can be attached by its stem to a suit lapel



Skull cap of massed scarlet cherries with stems, by Lanvin-Castillo. Obtainable in London at Madame Vernier, 82 George Street, W.1

Wide-crowned cannotier of fine cinnamon straw with matching petersham. By Lanvin-Castillo and obtainable here from Simone Mirman



Pill-box hat of white woven straw by Svend with a garnish of black and white lacquered straw fruit. In London from Madame Vernier

Two-way hat by Svend in black straw. The ribbons, striped in black, white and crimson, can also be tied under the chin. In London at Madame Vernier



COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE:
MINETTE
SHEPARD
MICROFILM:
PRISCILLA
CONRAN

Scandinavian inventory



TO ONE GLASS VASE—£10 15s. That's the tall one with the elongated neck, in olive-green. Both are new Venini designs. The other has the colour of dulled topaz and is priced at £7 16s. 6d. From Finmar, they are both at Stewart Marriott's, La Boutique, Truro



TO ONE TEAK CHEESE BOARD—£4. From the exceptional Dansk collection by Danish Jens H. Quistgaard where all designs, no matter what the material, blend with one another. For the cheese board, and round carving dish (with gravy-catching sloping sides—5 gns.) teak is set in the centre of the oak as a mosaic, giving a hard, virtually unscratchable surface. The plastic-lined canister (£3 5s.) holds hot things or ice; the teak-handled, stainless steel carving set is £6 15s. All from Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1; Elders, Glasgow; Bristol Guild of Applied Art, Bristol



TO ONE COPPER CASSEROLE—£11. Also from the Dansk collection. Tin-lined, brass-handled, the casseroles can become saucepans (you clip on teak handles); the larger ones can convert to double boilers. Equally handsome on the table or in the kitchen, a brass burner and trivet. Prices: shallow casserole £6 5s., burner £8, trivet £2 17s. All from Liberty's; Elders, Glasgow; Bristol Guild of Applied Art



TO ONE KITCHEN CHAIR—£3 7s. 6d. From Finman in the new showroom of Peter Knight, Esher High Street. Other Scandinavian furniture mostly to order, but these chairs with detachable legs in boxes of four, are in stock. Peter Knight offers a free advisory service for the home, giving introductions to wholesale firms too. His new showroom concentrates on furniture and lighting, with a small gallery of *Fiehl* reproductions. Traditional furniture is reproduced by an expert cabinet maker using old wood



TO ONE PAIR STAINLESS STEEL DISHES—£13 15s. They are covered and fit into a stainless steel stand. The edges of lids to both top and bottom dishes are slightly asymmetrical, typical of this season's Scandinavian designs. From Danasco at Designs of Scandinavia, Regent Street, W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham; Stewart Marriott's, La Boutique, Truro

SPRING SCOOP!



GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

For people who like their cosmetics to be as exclusive as their clothes here's something that only arrived from America yesterday. And you won't be able to buy it anywhere else but at Fortnum & Mason for the next month. Germaine Monteil is the name—and it's a key one to know this spring because her make-up philosophy might have been formulated with the English face in mind. Most of her products build up moisture and the foundations give a lightly whipped film that blots out dry patches.

Out of a large range I have selected the stars in the picture. Along the top row are the **illusionists**. Idol-Eyes liquid eyeliner reflects light prettily—a new way to think about lids for evening. It has most zing when used over the shadow (in stick form after the lipstick) in a matching or off-beat combination—like blue over green. The lipstick has vitamin A in it to ward off dryness, and a healing agent that helps lips inclined to crack. And it comes in a myriad of dashing colours like Morning Star and Starlight. Dry Rouge in a circular golden compact, Superglow powder, Royal Secret bath perfume (a luring mixture

of flowers and herbs which can be used as a creamy scent), Super Royal fluid make-up (a foundation with maximum clarity and spread) and mascara in a golden sunburst case complete the top row.

Underneath come the **boosters**: first, Super-Tone that leaves the skin lighter and cleanses with antiseptic qualities to help touchy spring skin. Secondly, Super-Royal that nourishes, moisturizes and kills surface bacteria. Thirdly, Super Day cream to carry on the job of moisturizing under make-up or can be used on its own minus powder. And lastly, Super Moist that adds moisture in an instant formula. In April, Germaine Monteil preparations (pictured above on a Regency box from Liberty's) will be on sale at Harrods, Debenhams & Freebody and Galleries Lafayette.

Other scoops for spring are Cyclax Flower Balm, a pink soothing lotion that calms an irritated skin overnight or can be used as a colourless foundation when the skin can't take anything stronger. And Dorothy Gray's Stay-Matt makes an anti-shine scoop for a greasy skin. It costs 7s. 3d. and does an efficient job.

BARRY WARNER



The play

The Devils. Aldwych Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon Company. (Dorothy Tutin, Richard Johnson, Max Adrian, Derek Godfrey.)

The films

The Facts Of Life. Director Melvin Frank. (Lucille Ball, Bob Hope, Ruth Hussey, Don De Fore.)

Cimarron. Director Anthony Mann. (Glenn Ford, Maria Schell, Anne Baxter.)

Five Golden Hours. Director Mario Zampi. (Ernie Kovacs, Cyd Charisse, George Sanders, Kay Hammond.)

So Close To Life. Director Ingmar Bergman. (Ingrid Thulin, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Anderson.)

The Canadians. Director Herman Webber. (Robert Ryan, Theresa Stratas, Torin Thatcher.)

The Crowning Experience. Director Marian Clayton Anderson. (Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.)

Torment. Director Robert Hossein. (Michele Morgan, Robert Hossein, Perette Pradier.)

The books

The Middle Tree, by Joan O'Donovan. (Gollancz, 15s.)

Young Man Willing, by Roy Doliner. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 16s.)

The Devil's Dowry, by Morley Truman. (Chatto & Windus, 15s.)

Love & Like, by Herbert Gold. (Deutsch, 16s.)

Whisper Town, by Judson Phillips. (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

The records

The Jazz Modes, by Julius Watkins

Bob Crosby's Great Hits

On A Swinging Date, by the Riverboat Five

Pete Fountain Salutes The Great Clarinetists

Newport Jazz Festival All Stars

The galleries

Zajac sculptures. Roland, Browse & Delbanco's.

Grands et Jeunes d'Aujourd'hui. Upper Grosvenor Gallery

VERDICTS

ANTHONY
COOKMAN
ON
PLAYS

A supper with Satan

MR. JOHN WHITING in *The Devils*—presented by the Stratford-on-Avon company at the Aldwych—makes a bold attempt on the big, fine play which it seems in the natural order of things he should some day write. But for one reason and another this study of religion, true and false, in 17th-century France, though holding attention closely for some three hours, finally misfires.

One reason is the misplaced levity with which a witch hunting cleric is treated. Another is the long closing scene of torture on the rack that is merely painful to watch. And the most important reason of all is that the spiritual progress of the womanizing priest who pathetically invents a god willing to receive him despite the sins of the flesh is never wholly persuasive. We are not convinced of the god the priest seeks through the senses; and we are left in doubt whether the priest himself is convinced or is only desperately trying to buttress, with a mystical vision he suspects to be false, a faith which is in danger of slipping into the abyss of utter disbelief. This is an ambiguity which proves at the last fatal to the play's dramatic compulsion.

The ironies of the story are taken from Mr. Aldous Huxley's fascinating and erudite account of *The Devils of Loudon*. Chief among them is that the parish priest of Loudon—a young man of considerable intellectual capacity, self-conceit and physical attraction—is brought to torture and the flames not by any of the women he has seduced but by the sexual fantasies of a woman he has never seen.

She is the hump-backed Prioress of a convent of Ursuline nuns. Her imagination is so inflamed by stories of the handsome libertine parish priest that she develops acute sexual or diabolic hysteria and names him as the devil who visits

her at night. The contagion passes from her to the young nuns in her charge. Like her they have been thrust into the religious life without a vocation. They are glad to disassociate themselves from their own forbidden desires and to throw the responsibility for them joyfully on to the devils.

They jeer, blaspheme, utter fantastic obscenities and perform various acrobatic feats. The scandal is great, and a priest who is a fanatical diabolist comes to inquire into the cause of the outbreak. How much stronger the play would be if it allowed us to feel that in diagnosing the nuns' dreams as diabolic possession and taking seriously the Prioress's specific accusations against the notorious parish priest, the inquisitor was deceiving himself as well as the rest of the world. But Mr. Max Adrian is encouraged to play the part as a figure of fun, and the orgies that the nuns put on collect the wrong kind of laughs.

But Grandier, the scandalous parish priest who uses the confessional to further his seductions of young girls, has made powerful enemies, and though the Archbishop's representative takes the sensible view that the nuns are not possessed by devils but are in a state of communal hysteria, the Prioress's accusations are fatal to

him. Before he is brought to trial, torture and the stake we are shown that he is growing sated with his life of amorous conquests. He, an unmarried priest, seeks God through happiness with a woman by going through a form of marriage with a pupil he has seduced.

In a mystical vision he finds God through the senses. And on the rack he has the strength of will to protest his innocence of the charge of witchcraft while acknowledging with shame his sins of the flesh.

The play is produced with imaginative expertness by Mr. Peter Wood in a succession of short scenes against one of Mr. Sean Kenny's timbered sets which well suit the dark, claustrophobic, religious atmosphere of the period. Miss Dorothy Tutin disappointed me as the self-tormented Prioress whose adolescent hero-worship is so unhealthily mixed with the mature longings of a grown woman. But Mr. Richard Johnson is first-rate throughout as the sensualist in search of a soul.

There are many similarities to Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Mr. Adrian's inquisitor is really a sort of French Stogumber who does not come off as a joke, but the Prince Henri de Condé speaks for the French nobility, as Warwick spoke for the English barons, and is splendidly played by Mr. Derek Godfrey.



JOHN WHITING, *ex-rep.* actor and wartime gunner, was pioneering a new type drama in the early 1950s with plays like *Penny For A Song* and *Saint's Day*. Most were well received by the critics but all had disappointingly short runs and one failed to reach the West End at all after its provincial tour. *The Devils* at the Aldwych Theatre—his first play for five years—represents a major break-through for Whiting at the age of 43

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

You'd hardly recognize Bob

MR. BOB HOPE HAS REACHED THE AGE of discretion and in *The Facts of Life* (this year's choice for the Royal Film Performance) plays a straight part very nearly dead straight—with only an occasional deviation into wise-crackery and double-taking to remind us of the often strenuously slick, brassy comedian he used to be. Miss Lucille Ball, his co-star, returns to the cinema with her charm undiminished and her beauty untarnished by years of slavery in tiresome (but lucrative) TV programmes. They are credible and likeable in this pleasing, mild comedy of marital infidelity.

Mr. Hope is married to Miss Ruth Hussey and Miss Ball is married to Mr. Don De Fore—and they are all to share a vacation at Acapulco. At the last moment, Miss Hussey and Mr. De Fore are prevented from going, but, with a patronizing confidence in the trustworthy humdrumness of their respective spouses, they pack Mr. Hope and Miss Ball off to the south: after all, it would be a pity if the hotel reservations were wasted.

Miss Ball has always regarded Mr. Hope as a bit of a bore, and he has hitherto considered her too smart by half—but, bless you, under the influence of the hot sun and the dry martinis, romance blossoms: they become lovers—though resolve to be, in the well-worn phrase, “just friends” when they return home. This is easier said than done. It takes several comic and near-catastrophic clandestine meetings to knock love's middle-aged cream on the head and restore the two to their right minds and lawful partners.

Miss Edna Ferber's interminable

Cimarron was first filmed exactly 30 years ago, with Mr. Richard Dix and Miss Irene Dunne in the roles now played by Mr. Glenn Ford and Miss Maria Schell. The best things in the old film, as in the new, were the scenes covering the Oklahoma land rush in 1889—when the U.S. Government opened up the Territory for free settlement and one morning, at a given signal, thousands of eager homesteaders streamed in to stake their claims. Top marks to the director, Mr. Anthony Mann, for his brilliant handling of his demented horde of land-grabbers: it could not have been done better, or more excitingly.

Mr. Ford, to the delight of city-bred Miss Schell, sets up as a newspaper proprietor in an embryo town—but he is a rover at heart and thinks nothing of leaving his ever-loving and perpetually starry-eyed wife for periods of from five to 12 years at a stretch. We are left to watch the growth of a township and the (improbable) building of a great newspaper empire by Miss Schell. Me, I would rather have been off with Mr. Ford, adventuring in Cuba and Europe.

Miss Kay Hammond makes a rare but delicious screen appearance in *Five Golden Hours*—enlivening with her peculiar brand of dottiness an otherwise slightly macabre comedy about an Italian undertaker (Mr. Ernie Kovacs) who, for love of an unscrupulous baroness (Miss Cyd Charisse), fleeces a trio of trusting widows. Caught out in palpable fraud, he first tries (unsuccessfully) to murder the three and subsequently, feigning madness, spends a couple of years in a lunatic asylum and the infuriating company of Mr. George Sanders. Jolly, what?

Herr Ingmar Bergman, abandoning symbolism in favour of starkest realism, confines the entire action of *So Close to Life* to the wards and corridors of a maternity hospital. I found it claustrophobic. An unhappy wife suffers a miscarriage and raves in tearful delirium. A joyously expectant mother (Froken Eva Dahlbeck) gives birth to a still-born child. A pregnant teenager

who has tried to induce an abortion resigns herself to having her unwanted baby after all. This film won Herr Bergman the Cannes Film Festival Direction Prize—but it is not to my taste: give me *Wild Strawberries* any day.

In *The Canadians*, Mr. Robert Ryan heads a trio of early Mounties whose problem is how to deal with the Sioux Indians who have fled north after wiping out General Custer and his men. The Sioux promise Mr. Ryan they will keep the peace—but vengeful pursuers from across the border make this pretty hard for them. Never mind. You can always trust the Mounties. The opera-singer, Miss Theresa Stratas, plays a white Indian squaw: I have no doubt she is better as Madame Butterfly.

The Moral Re-Armament people (rather a mystifying body, I always think) state their case in *The Crowning Experience*. It seems to be, briefly, “We have enough guided missiles—what we need are guided men: God-guided.” I can't really quarrel with that—but somehow I couldn't quite swallow the film, which I found disconcertingly naïve. Idealism loses something (for me, at least) when it is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sentimentality. Apart from a beautifully sincere performance from Miss Muriel Smith (who, like everybody else connected with the film, donated her services), the only thing that interested me was the unexpected piece of information that Dr. Adenauer is a leading supporter of Moral Re-Armament. Does that incline you for or against it?

I hope one day, before I grow too bored to care, I shall see a French film in which the principal characters do not come to a sticky end in a car crash. *Torment*, alas, follows the current fashion: the predictability of it all is wearing me down. As she can no longer love her husband because he caused a car crash in which their child was killed, Mlle. Michele Morgan kills herself—in a car crash. The distraught husband, M. Robert Hossein, promptly follows suit. When last seen, Mlle. Perette Pradier, their



WINE & SYMPATHY. In the luxury asylum they have fraudulently entered, the con men (George Sanders & Ernie Kovacs) discuss a new move. From *Five Golden Hours*

young servant, appeared to be looking wildly for a suitable vehicle in which to do away with herself. Oh, well! I suppose it's good for the automobile industry.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

The redheaded bluestocking

THE MOST INTERESTING AND puzzling novel of the week is Joan O'Donovan's *The Middle Tree*. This odd book—so curiously sprightly, in spite of the drabness of some of the life it describes, and so attention-grabbing that it practically reads itself—is about a young woman teaching in a school for infant toughs. The heroine is aggressively unsympathetic, tells defiant lies and flies a flag for truth and courage, has an affair with a seedy married Communist teacher who has “horrible feet, with tufts of black hair on the toes, like caterpillars,”

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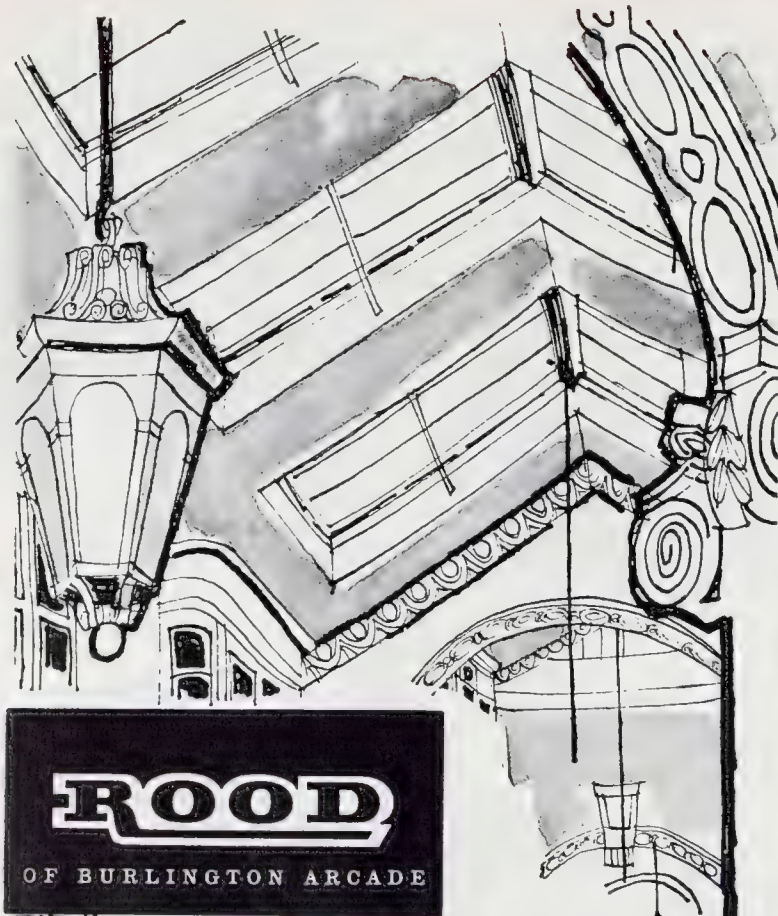
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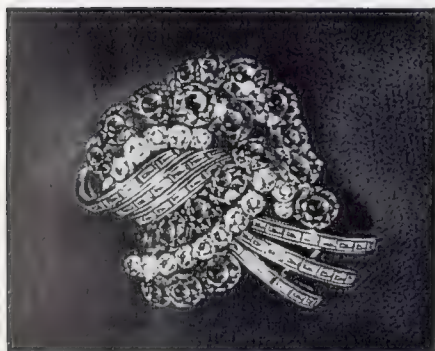
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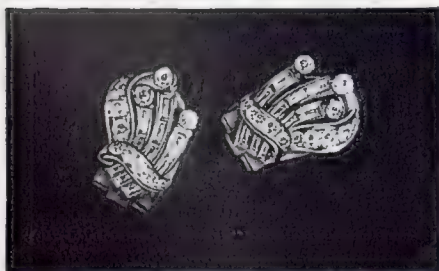
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and conducts a violent running battle with her neurotic and odious mother.

Unexplained events of potential drama fall unheralded out of the sky—a suspected pregnancy, an attack of typhoid, a couple of sudden deaths—in a way that somehow leaves them dangling outside the main direction of the book. There are some wild children who talk conscientiously phonetic Cockney, and half a dozen supporting players with interesting characters brushed in boldly by the author.

Miss O'Donovan seems to follow the principle of never complain, never explain, and by the end of the book I was still perplexed about how exactly to take this gritty story of the troubles of a red-haired teacher (who also, by the way, is over six feet tall and has "the bones of an ox.") One of the funniest and oddest scenes in the book—and only briefly did I entertain a doubt that it was *meant* to be funny—is that in which the heroine tries to tempt her cross, balding lover back to bed with bright questions about the Party line ("It's about Paster-nak. . . ." He looked at his watch again. "I'll give you three minutes."")

There's an enormous conviction about some scenes in the book that sound like crookedly affectionate first-hand reporting—the Party work against a domestic background of cosy, faintly querulous sluttishness, the catty staff-room squabbles, the whole climate that sounds so oddly like something out of the thirties. The book leaves a perplexing, acrid taste behind it. Whatever it is that Miss O'Donovan has, it's strong and remarkably positive.

Young Man Willing by Roy Doliner is a moral tale about how it can do a sincere chap absolutely no good to fall in love with a tiresome Broadway actress called Maggi (as in the *bouillon* cubes). There are emotional scenes and peculiar parties and many a staccato sentence without a verb and an enormous yawning seriousness. Many of the characters are involved in rehearsing a play called *A Summer in the City*, which causes them much pain and fret. I think the author thought them all as addle-pated and fourth-rate as I did, but satire is that much more convincing if from time to time it makes you laugh.

The Devil's Dowry by Morley Truman is a weird and catchy book about witches, magic, proud lords with lovely red-haired daughters, a bright young professional thief, and the Devil himself, no less, in Brittany in some unspecified Middle Age. I couldn't have been more astonished to find such a cheerful, frivolous fantasy cropping up in 1961, or more delighted. It is unrepentantly out for fun, charm and oddity, and as a hot-bath-

book, with bubbles and bath salts, it couldn't be bettered.

Herbert Gold's short stories, **Love & Like**, are American, bright, clever, cunningly deployed, inviting and sometimes bitterly funny. Mr. Gold has sharp ears and a sharp intelligence too, and the stories slip down with no effort at all. At the end of the book he adds some "specific and casual remarks" about the circumstances under which the stories came to be written, and these offer an intriguing side-glance at the way in which American writers regard their profession and are often so impressively articulate about it. The "casual remarks" are funny, edgy, and to an English reader accustomed to the deep, mysterious anonymity of most English writers, unexpectedly confiding. They sound flippant, then you stumble over something that makes an "Ouch!"-noise to English ears. ("Love & Like" was written when I was fighting crucial issues in *The Optimist*. After turning away from the novel to write this story, I was able to face the book again with a sense of growth." Now who, this side of the Atlantic, has the nerve to admit his sense of growth in public?)

Whisper Town by Judson Phillips is a first-rate thriller about a climate of near-lynching that grows up in a small American town around a young woman biology teacher. You know the truth before the police and the Press do, so here's time and space for people to become real and interesting.

GERALD
LASCELLE
ON
RECORDS

Modes ancient & modern

JULIUS WATKINS AND HIS FRENCH horn is the mainstay of a swinging group, **The Jazz Modes**, whose interesting album (SAH-K6117) appears on London. Theirs is mostly a swinging session, with curious mixtures of influence, ranging from Monk through Gerry Mulligan to Ellington. Charlie Rouse's tenor and Sahib Shehab's baritone are prominent in a very tightly knit front line, that seems always to leave the luckless leader out in the cold.

His technically cumbersome horn is so fundamentally unsuitable for jazz improvisation that I can only feel admiration for his steadfast determination to persevere with it rather than the conventional brass

CONTINUED ON P. 485

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VERDICTS *continued*

instruments of the jazz band. The strongest Ellington influence is in the partially successful use of a vocal line—Eileen Gilbert—on three pieces, blended in an instrumental role much on the lines of Duke's use of Joya Sherrill in the first version of *Black, brown, and beige*.

At least the Jazz Modes provide food for thought, which is more than I can say for the stereo revival—or rather re-creation—of a famous band in **Bob Crosby's Great Hits** (SAH-D6105). This band held sway in the nebulous sphere between Dixieland and big band jazz during the late thirties. Members from the original cast include drummer Ray Bauduc, bassist Bob Haggart, and guitarist Nappy Lamare, plus Matty Matlock, Eddie Miller and Babe Russin from the reed section. The absence of trumpeters Lawson, Butterfield and Zarchey, and especially the late Bob Zurke, whose piano was a mainstay in the band, is a serious handicap in this attempt to remake the Bobcats' rather special sounds. Bauduc and Lamare also appear on the River Boat Five's *Swinging date* (MMC14056), that can be accepted with the same pinch of salt with which it was delivered!

Current mystery is the sudden popularity accorded to individual clarinetists operating mainly in the jazz mood. Pete Fountain used to be the leader of a reputable Dixieland band that worked on Bourbon Street in New Orleans, mainly for the benefit of the tourist trade. Suddenly he leapt to popularity as featured soloist with Laurence Welles' "dance" band, and his latest album finds him in front of a big band, from which fountain-head he *Salutes the great clarinetists* (SVL3011). He proves his versatility and his ability to play a tidily constructed solo without making a material contribution to the jazz idiom.

The irony comes out when I hear that doyen of white clarinet blows, Pee Wee Russell, playing his heart out with the **Newport All-Stars** (SAH-K6116). Sometimes I wonder whether he forgets to blow and just sucks instead, but the end-product of jazz never varies in its quality. I met him face to face for the first time a few minutes before this festival session went on the air, and was struck dumb. I just couldn't believe that the dapper little man with the sad moustache was the great Pee Wee!

The set-up on this album is remarkable, with brass men Clayton and Dickenson from the Kansas City camp, Pee Wee and Bud Freeman both from the Chicago school. No one need worry about a musical clash, because the conventions of Dixieland and the broader front of the mainstream idiom blend happily in this exciting and memorable session. Listen

particularly for Buck Clayton's opening to *Sunday*. Either this or "Russell's unique sound" may help you to bridge the gap between New Orleans and the modern outcry.



An old banana & a new gallery

FREQUENTLY DURING MY TOURS OF the galleries over the past few years I have been reminded of a deliciously funny cartoon by Ronald Searle in his *The Rake's Progress*. It represents chapter three in the life of an artist and shows a bearded young man being congratulated by a distinguished art expert. Underneath is the caption: "Success. Discovers the Banana Motif. One-man exhibition (on a banana motif) sells out. Praised by Sir John R*th*instein."

I was reminded of it by Sidney Nolan's *Leda and the swan* paintings and by Reg Butler's *Figures in space*, though, heaven knows, there was nothing funny about either. There is nothing new in the idea of an artist being obsessed with a single idea and pursuing it until he has exhausted it, and possibly himself too.

It is all the more inexcusable, therefore, that the irreverent Searle image should have recurred again this week when I went to Jack Zajac's exhibition. For though Mr. Zajac has a motif, it has nothing to do with bananas.

He is a serious and brilliant youngish sculptor from Ohio whose motif is a goat, a sacrificial Easter goat. No one at the gallery could tell me where the sculptor got his inspiration. Who still sacrifices goats at Easter?

Whatever the answer, the fact is that Zajac, fascinated by this piece of barbarism, has produced a number of striking bronzes in which the animal is trussed up or tied to staves in a variety of violent contortions that suggest now a ski fall, now a particularly brutal crucifixion.

The distended belly, the full udders and the heavy head on a long-stretched neck contrast dramatically with the spiky legs and the lines of the long staves.

In spite of assurances in the catalogues that Mr. Zajac's goat is an "heroic symbol" I was so affected by the realism of these bronzes that I could see them neither in that way nor as pure sculpture. And, unlike the critic of a "quality" Sunday newspaper who, after praising the



DENISE COLOMB

IN THEIR PARIS STUDIO, Natalia Dumitresco and her husband Alexandre Istrati with some of the paintings now on view in their first London exhibition at the Hanover Gallery. Rumanians, they settled in Paris in 1947, and their abstract painting is well known on the Continent and in America

sculptor's technique, went on to say that he was "not the least moved by the torture," I felt physically sickened by it.

With the goats are shown two more, entirely different Zajac "obsessions"—a series of "Metamorphoses," dancing figures, half-human, half-butterfly, and another series called "Portals," Rodinesque men carrying human carcasses.

As a background to the exhibition are a large number of drawings, not by Zajac, but by 15 other sculptors including Rodin, Maillol, Moore, Epstein, Greco, Marini and Frink. These make fascinating comparisons, but suggest no common denominator of style in sculptors' drawing. The intricate, hard, ink hatching of Greco is in direct contrast to Epstein's fluent draughtsmanship. Maillol's Renoir-esque modelling is the antithesis of Rodin's flat washes and minimal line.

It is not every day that a new art gallery opens in London—not quite. But looking back a year or two I cannot remember a month passing without one.

The latest to join the bandwagon of the big boom in art is the Upper Grosvenor Gallery, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street. Launched with lots of champagne and gossip-column inches, UGG—as it is already familiarly known—starts off well with a show that might perhaps be more accurately titled *Grands et jeunes, et pas si jeunes (et pas si grands) d'aujourd'hui*.

The 80 pictures were nearly all seen in Paris and Cannes last year

as part of the annual *Grands et Jeunes* exhibition—founded by Madame Marylene Denoal. Almost without exception they are figurative paintings and, by way of explanation, Madame Denoal assured me that in Paris abstract art is on the way out!

As is so often the case with this sort of show it is the *grands* who are most disappointing and the *jeunes*, or some of them anyway, who give the most pleasure. The reason is simple. Usually the big name is represented by some minor work, anything that will provide an excuse for using the big name in publicity.

At the U.G.G., Picasso is represented by a small drawing (not for sale) and Chagall by a flimsy piece of whimsy, a self-portrait in crayon on rice paper (price £2,893 6s. 7d.). For those of us who are more interested in art than in names, however, there is plenty to admire in the work of such excellent but little-known-here painters as Eugène Baboulène, Roger Bézombes, Roger Clamagirand, Albert Lauzero and half a dozen others.

These are serious, non-gimmicky artists who, incidentally, price their works modestly. A dazzling red and green *Venice* by Bézombes is £144 14s. 4d., a Baboulène cityscape, £188 1s. 4d. (the odd prices are conversions from nice round numbers of francs).

Later in the year the gallery intends to show the second part of the original *Grands et Jeunes* exhibition. I look forward to it and have begun saving already.

MOTORING

The last tycoon

Gordon Wilkins

Most familiar Borgward—the 1½-litre Isabella

DURING THE PAST WEEK OR TWO, brief articles on the financial pages of the newspapers have recorded the sad ending to the life's work of a most extraordinary man. At the age of 70, Consul Dr.-Ing. Carl F. W. Borgward has lost control of the car factories of the Borgward group which he personally owned and controlled and so the last great one-man empire in the car industry passes into the hands of the professional managers. Borgward fell a victim to the recession that has affected most of the world's car manufacturers during the past six months. With thousands of cars in stock, and debts mounting, he reached the stage where he could not raise enough money to pay the wage bills for his 20,000 workers and the State Senate of the old Hanseatic city of Bremen moved in to protect the livelihood of the 100,000 citizens who depend directly or indirectly on the Borgward factories. Already the spring buying season which could have saved him has begun, but a new limited company has now taken over. Borgward has no longer any part in the management and it is not even certain what compensation, if any, he will receive.

Looking nearer 60 than 70, and usually smoking a cigar, Borgward exercised autocratic control over a unique organization that was a survival of the old patriarchal system in a modern industrial society. Hardworking and self-willed, he was both a clever engineer, and a courageous business

man. But Borgward tried to do too much and in the process failed to streamline his organization to carry on the bitter struggle for survival in which Britain's and Europe's leading motor manufacturers are now involved.

Of all his cars, the pretty 1½-litre Isabella is best known in England. The sports coupé and convertible are owned by several of the younger set around town, and before his marriage Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones used to be seen driving to Buckingham Palace in an Isabella station wagon. But just consider Borgward's other activities. There was the 600-c.c. two-cylinder Lloyd Alexander for the baby car market. Then he launched that other good-looker the Arabella in the 900-c.c. class. It is a most attractive car, with flat-four engine and front-wheel drive but it brought him into competition with Volkswagen and with other big outfits like Auto-Union. Just above it came the Hansa 1100 also with flat-four engine, and then the 1½-litre Isabella. Then as if that were not enough, he had just launched his splendid new 2.3-litre six-cylinder Borgward, a luxurious high-speed saloon with pneumatic suspension, which came into direct competition with the 220 Mercedes-Benz. Between 1949 and 1961 his factories introduced 16 new passenger car and station wagon models besides a large variety of commercial vehicles; far too many for an organization of this size.

Improvisation was always Borgward's forte. Thus he was able to get in quickly and meet the vital need for cheap transport in the aftermath of two world wars; but in the end it contributed to his downfall. His early climb had been rapid; at 23 he was already chief engineer of a factory. In 1919 he became partner in a tyre company and quickly diversified its activities, making radiators and wings for the Hansa Lloyd car works in Bremen. To meet the need for cheap transport in the postwar period, he produced a small three-wheeler that was highly successful, then made a four-wheeled car called the Goliath in a new factory which he built right opposite the Hansa Lloyd works. In 1929, when Hansa Lloyd fell victim to the economic depression, Borgward became the majority shareholder and he took over completely in 1931. He weathered the depression by dropping their big cars and concentrating on small cars and light goods vehicles, and in 1938 he opened a new factory to make a range of Hansa cars of 1,100, 1,700 and 2,000 c.c. In 1944 bombing raids destroyed 80 per cent of the new plant but in 1948, at the age of 58, he started again. At first he assembled trucks in the ruins but in two years the plant had been rebuilt larger than ever and he was soon turning out thousands of quaint baby cars with spluttering 300-c.c. engines and bodies made of wood and fabric. By 1953 he was producing 42,000

vehicles a year, 10 per cent of all German output. Two years later he was right up among the leaders and the Borgward group stood in 45th position among all the great industrial enterprises of postwar Germany. He was still personally responsible for much of the design work on his cars and to keep his hand in on practical engineering he had a well-equipped workshop at his home. He was the first German manufacturer to make his own automatic transmission and the first to adopt air suspension instead of springs. He also built racing and record cars (Stirling Moss used one of his engines successfully in a Cooper).

But competition was becoming keener. His three main factories still had three separate managements, design departments, sales organizations and publicity departments and they were making too wide a range of vehicles calling for too many different parts. And sales to private buyers, on whom he depended to a large extent, are becoming increasingly seasonal (as British manufacturers have also found this winter). Many people in Germany saw the crisis coming and tried to warn him, but he preferred to go on doing things his own way. Yet they are sorry to see him go.

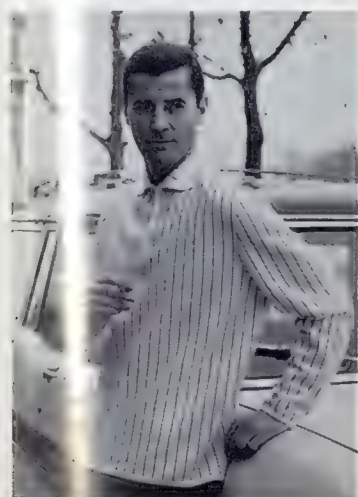
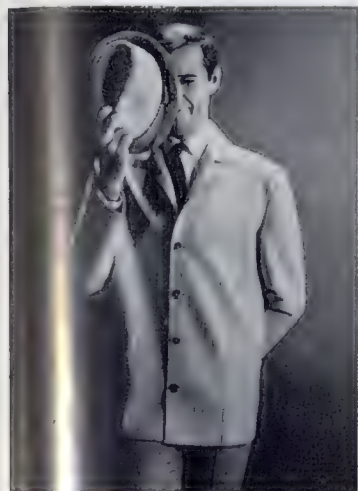
The new company has announced that production will go on and spares will continue to be available but they must soon simplify their organization and rationalize production.

MAN'S WORLD

Friends from France

David Morton

WITH ITALY MAKING ALL THE running in the men's wear field, France has not been too well represented in British shops—apart from some good belts and ties little is imported into this country. One notable exception, however, is the Saint Joseph range of knitwear which covers just about every requirement of leisure. There are jackets, pullovers, cardigans, waistcoats and polo shirts, all knitted (in double jersey from Australian wool) with a restrained simplicity that doesn't date. Saint Joseph is a



family concern, started by the grandfather of the present owners, and for the last three seasons the clothes have been selling well in this country. They are not cheap, and at first glance it's hard to see how a firm can justify the price of 29 guineas for a knitted jersey jacket. But take a closer look at the bound seams and the immaculate finish and the answer is supplied.

All the styles I have seen are casual and easy to wear. If there is any immediately recognizable trademark it is the narrow edging linked on to the neck of the pullovers in a contrasting tone. Colours are excellent—the styles are changed twice a year and the spring and summer range is in light clear colours that are never flashy. The autumn and winter range is in subdued, rich shades. In the spring and summer range now in the shops there is a new mixture of 20 per cent cotton and 80 per cent wool; this gives a pleasant sheen to the light colours and feels crisp to wear. This double jersey does not crease easily, making it ideal for travelling, as the jacket or pullover only has to be hung up for any folds to fall out. The clothes should never be washed but sent to a reliable cleaner—a reasonable precaution with any expensive jersey.

The Saint Joseph range can be seen at five shops in London—Harrods, John Michael, Liberty, Sulka and Woollands. I looked at the range at Woollands Man's Shop, which has always been particularly good for stylish casual clothes. They showed me a heavy jacket in a pleasing check with flapped pockets and two buttons, for 29 guineas, and a lighter version in plain colours. Then there are cardigan jackets, with four buttons, which have the contrasting edging typical of Saint Joseph—£16 19s. 6d. Pullovers in a fine selection of pure, clean colours are £7 19s. 6d. and slipovers are £5 10s. There are waistcoats knitted with a straight bottom and two pockets for 7 gns. The backs have an elasticated band at the bottom to give a snug fit, and the front has five coin buttons bearing Louis XI's head—Saint Joseph knitwear has a reputation for pleasant buttons. Finally there are the polo shirts, with long sleeves and three buttons at the neck which looks as well unbuttoned as it does fastened right up; 11 gns.

Three examples of Saint Joseph leisure wear from Woollands. Note the use of stripes and the lustrous buttons on the two jackets

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DINING IN

Pretty kettle of fish

Helen Burke

BY NOW I HOPE THAT SALMON HAS dropped a little in price, because it is the best "fatty" fish in the world and the best of all salmon comes from our own British rivers.

Few people today have a large enough fish kettle in which to poach a salmon, and even if they have one not enough money, probably, to buy a whole fish. For the young who have inherited a large kettle or fortuitously picked one up at a junk shop in some remote country town, let me suggest that you do not choose your own salmon. Be wise. Go to the best fishmonger you know, hang the expense, and ask for his advice.

Do not go shopping at a time when he is rushed off his feet by other customers. If you find that his shop is full take a little stroll, keeping it in view. The moment the coast is clear seize your chance. Call in and smile—he will be delighted. He will tell you the good points about the fish and whether it is at its prime or not, according to the stage of its "run." If he suggests that next week it will be better, take his word for it.

A piece of salmon is another thing altogether. He will show you the perfect condition of its silvery coat, the delicious pink colour and the layers of fat. And if after all this he lets you down, do not go back again, because he always will.

Having told the fishmonger the size of your kettle and accepted a whole salmon to fit, all it should need is a rinse in cold water before being placed on its drainer and lowered into cold *court bouillon* or plain salted water. (Some people, who think they know, would be horrified at salmon being poached in *court bouillon*.) Bring it slowly to the boil, skim, then lower the heat so that the liquid merely quivers. Give a 6-lb. salmon 20 minutes; one from 8 to 10 lb., 30 to 35 minutes. If it is to be served hot, lift it out on its drainer, place it on a clean napkin, garnish it with sprays of parsley, and with it pass Hollandaise, Mousseline or Nantua sauce. Hollandaise is the one for me.

Many people prefer to serve a whole salmon cold. In this case follow Escoffier's method and leave the fish to become cold in the *court bouillon*.

A piece of salmon, unlike the whole fish, should go into boiling *court bouillon* so that the cut surfaces will be sealed and the flavour retained. But at once lower the temperature so that the fish is gently poached. Allow 10 to 12 minutes for a 2-lb. piece; 15 to 17

minutes for 4 lb. and 20 minutes for 6 lb.

With cold salmon, either whole or in the piece, serve MONTPELLIER BUTTER, made thus: Drop 1 to 2 chopped shallots and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each parsley, chervil, chives, tarragon, spinach and watercress leaves into a cup of boiling water and boil for 2 minutes. Drain, pour cold water through them, drain again and dry in a cloth together with 1 dessert-spoon of capers, 1 to 2 oz. of chopped gherkins and 2 chopped anchovy fillets. Pound these with a pestle in a mortar (or with a wooden spoon in a bowl). Add the juice from a clove of garlic squeezed through a press.

Cream $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. butter and work the purée into it together with a raw egg yolk and the sieved yolk of a hard-boiled one. Mix very well together. Add up to 2 tablespoons of olive oil, drop by drop, then season with a few grains of Cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Finally, rub all through a sieve.

BROILED OR GRILLED SALMON STEAKS OR CUTLETS are probably what most people will manage, and they should be seasoned with salt. Melt a nice lump of butter in the grill pan, place the steaks in it and at once turn them so that both sides are coated with the butter. Before grilling them, I always sift a little flour on the surface because it helps to give a lovely coat and colour. Start at a high heat and lower it after 6 to 7 minutes. I grill one side only if the steaks are not more than 1 in. thick. A $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. steak could be turned but I would rather grill one side only. An inch steak will take between 12 and 15 minutes in all; a thicker one, probably 20 to 25 minutes.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter is the ideal "sauce," though I have enjoyed SAUCE VERT with cold salmon. This is made of green herbs, &c., similar to those in Montpellier Butter. Blanch them in the same way, then pound them and rub them through a sieve. Add them to very thick mayonnaise. These amounts should be ample for $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of it. Thin slices of cucumber always seem to be a part of the garnish of cold salmon.

POACHED SALMON STEAKS should be quickly cooked in salted boiling water or a *court bouillon* without any vinegar in it. With them, serve this CUCUMBER MAYONNAISE: Dice a cupful of seeded cucumber. Sprinkle with a little salt, leave for an hour or so, then drain and press out the liquid. At the last minute, add it to an equal amount of thick mayonnaise.

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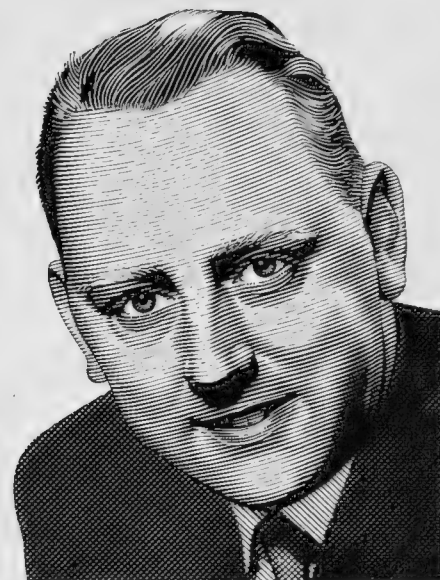
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Engagements

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Weddings



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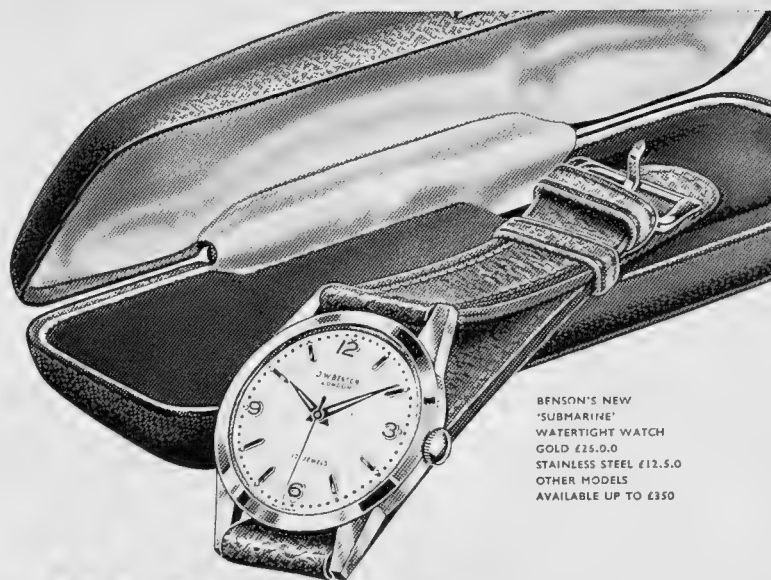
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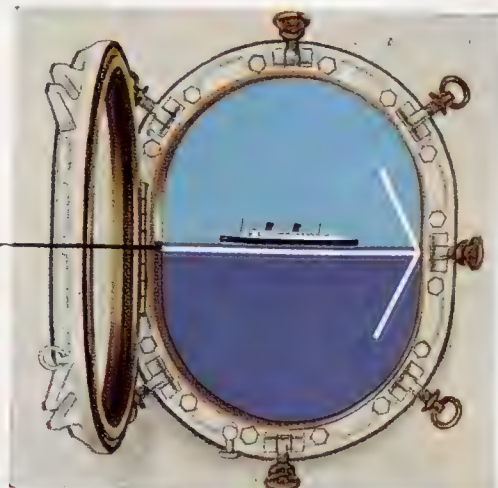
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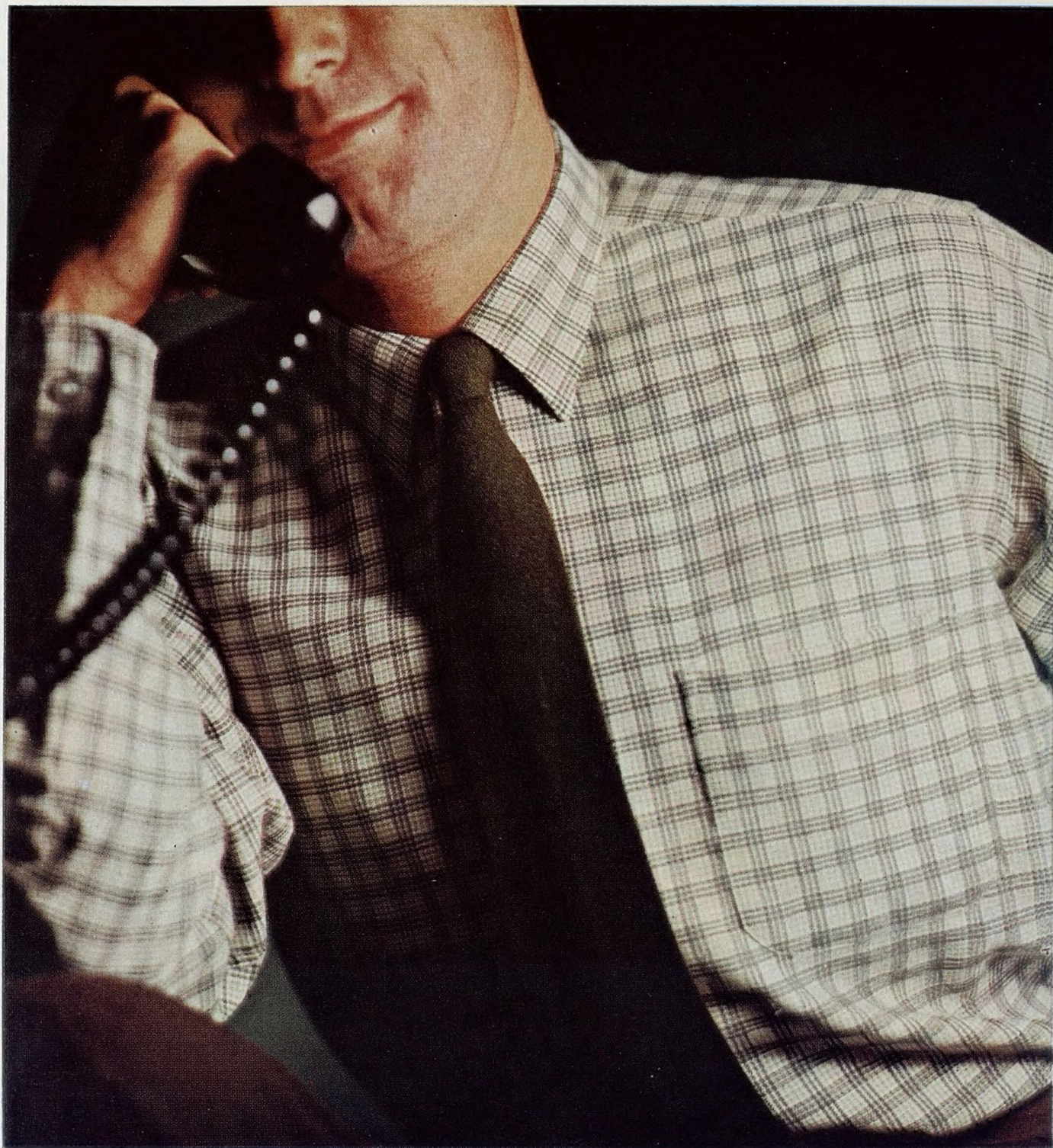
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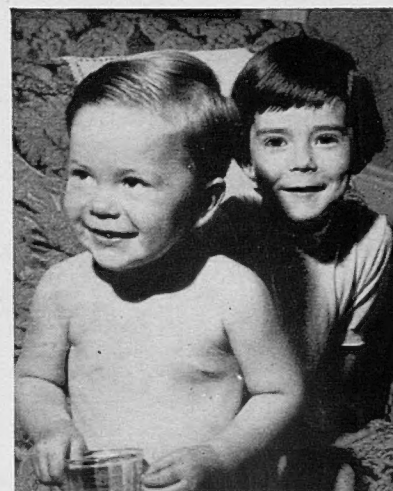
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